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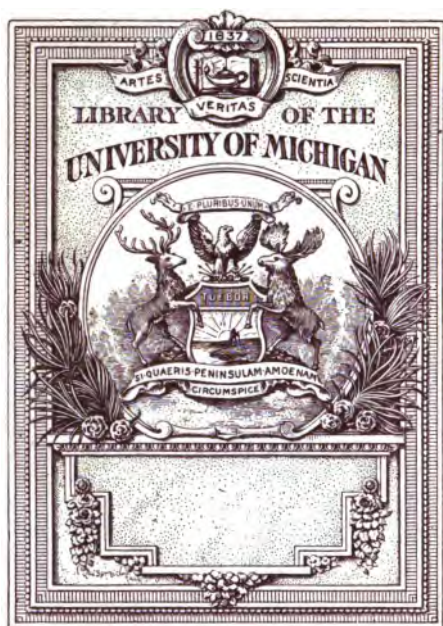
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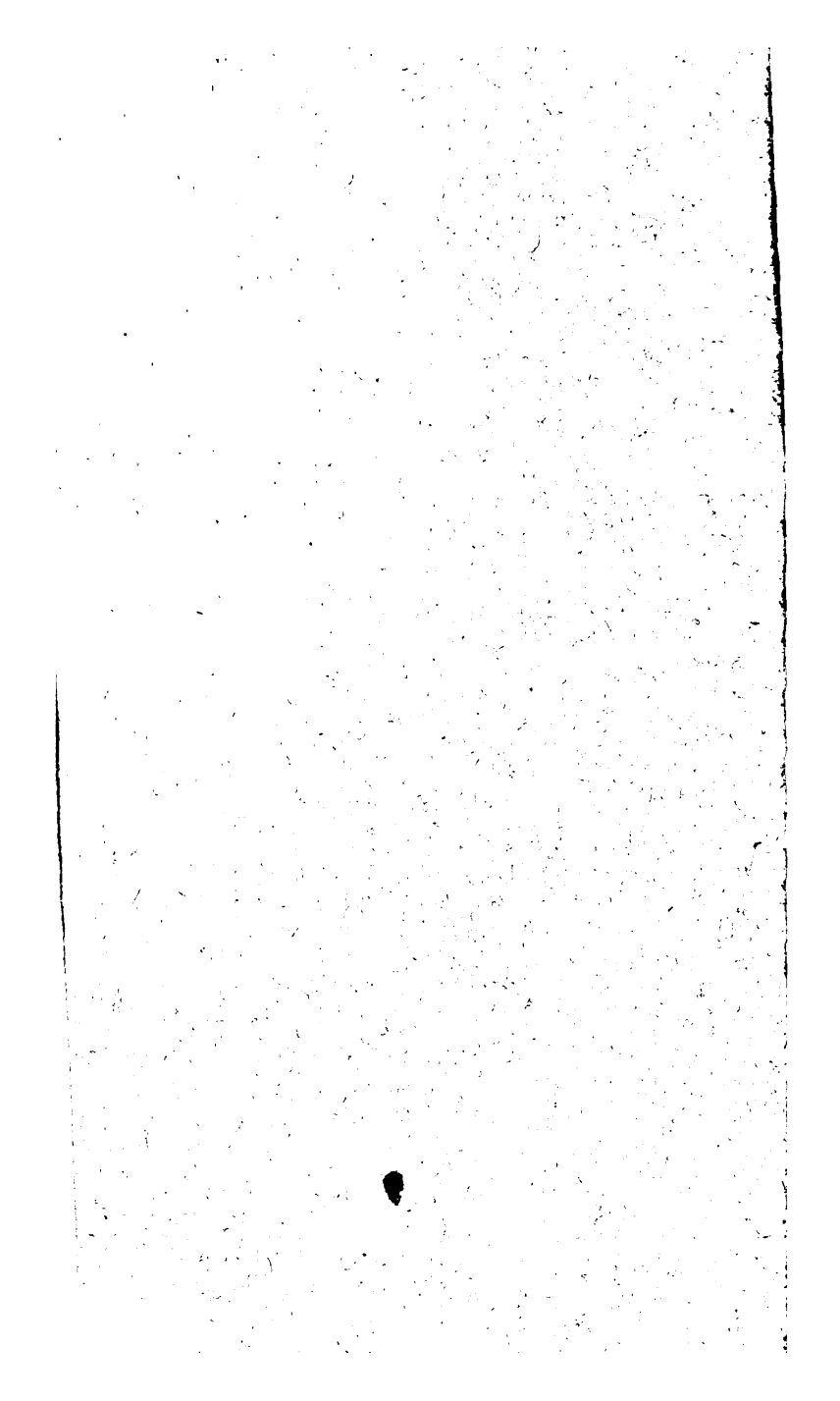
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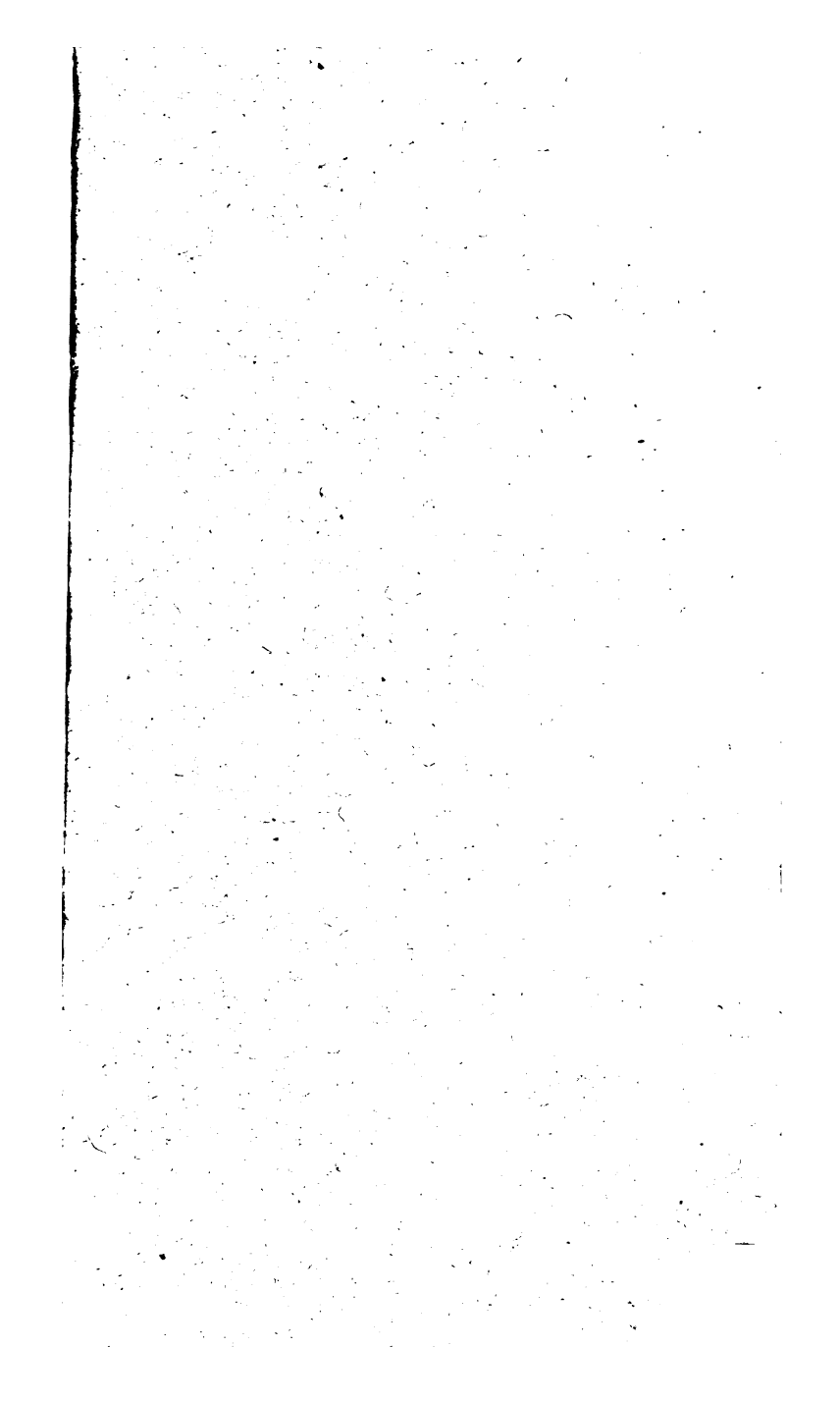
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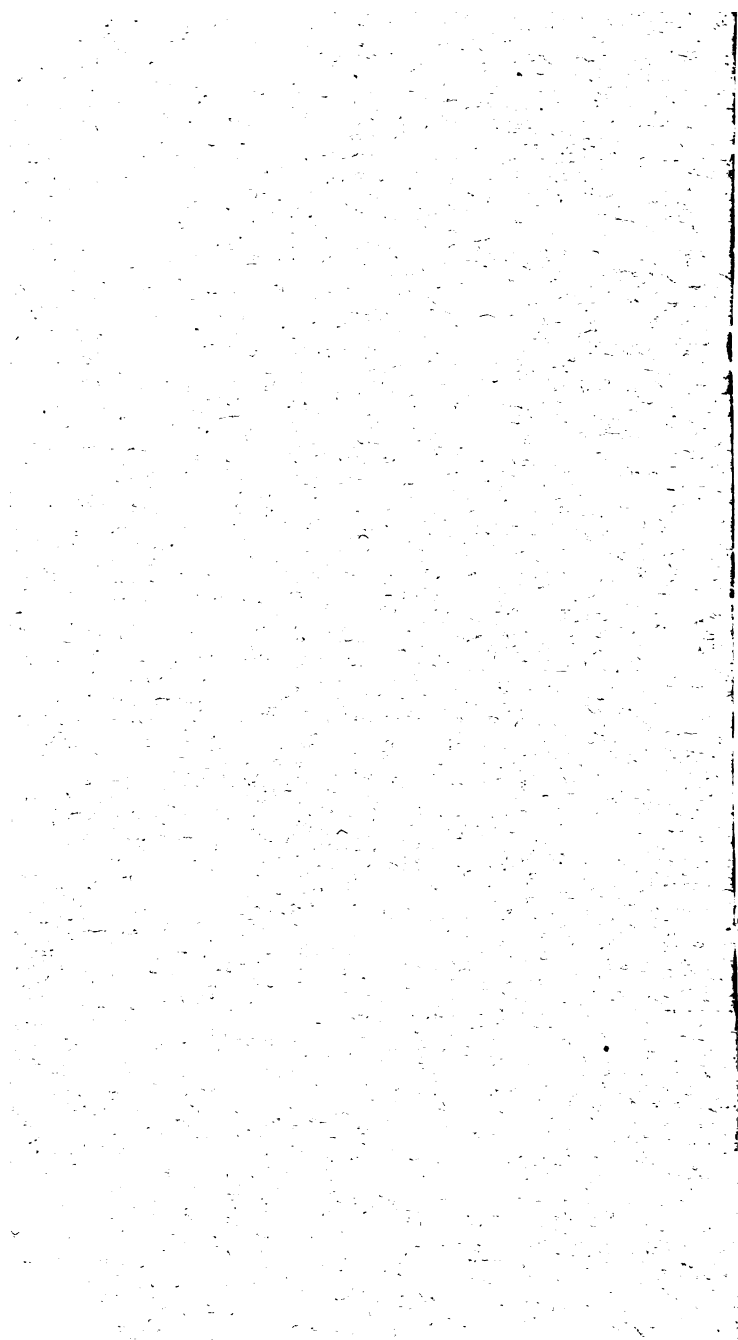


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1754







William Lewis

FLORENCE MACARTHY:

25749

An Irish Tale.

BY

LADY MORGAN,

AUTHOR OF "FRANCE," "O'DONNELL," &c.

Know thus far forth :

By accident most strange, bountiful fortune,
Now, my dear lady, hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and by my prescience,
I find my zenith doth depend upon
A most auspicious star, whose influence,
If now I court not but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop.

SHAKESPEARE.

Les femmes ne sont pas trop d'humeur à pardonner de
certaines injures, et quand elles se promettent le plaisir de la
vengeance elles n'y vont pas de *main-morte*.

DE GRAMMONT.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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FLORENCE MACARTHY.

CHAPTER I.

He seems to have the quotidian of love upon him. SHAKESPEARE.

I'll venture—for my new enlivened spirits prompt me. MILTON.

GENERAL FITZWALTER was dressed for dinner a full hour before the usual time of assembling at Dunore Castle. All his motions were involuntarily accelerated: a feverish restlessness urged his most trivial actions: his whole existence had received a new impulsion by the operation of one unaccustomed and absorbing sentiment: an overpowering motive had unexpectedly sprung up to actuate his conduct, and the obedient

will followed its spring with a promptitude and energy consonant to his nature and his habits.

Woman, who had hitherto imperiously governed his senses, now, for the first time, obtained a moral influence over his mind, and became, not the object of a caprice, but of a passion; and passion, whatever might be its cause, was his element.

The person of Lady Clancare was not particularly distinguished by its beauty, but it was characteristic. Fresh, healthy, and intelligent, she had neither the symmetry of statuary loveliness nor the brilliant colouring of pictured charms; but she was piquante, graceful, and vivacious: her mouth and teeth were well compared by O'Leary to those of a young hound; her head was picturesque, and her whole appearance the very personification of womanhood. Silent, and at rest, she was scarcely dis-

tinguishable from the ordinary class of women; but when her countenance was thrown into play, when she spoke with the anxiety or the consciousness of pleasing, or under the impression of being pleased, there was a mobility, a variety of expression and colouring, which corresponded with the vigour, spirit, and energy of her extraordinary mind.

This indication, which might have repelled others, was the charm that fascinated Fitzwalter. The kindling susceptibility it betrayed harmonized with his own prompt and impetuous disposition, bespeaking a congeniality of feeling, and a reciprocity of intelligence, which he had never found in man, which he had never sought for in woman, and which, whether it took the calm and steady form of friendship, or the bright intoxicating aspect of love, was still the object of his uncon-

scious research, and the indispensable ingredient of his permanent schemes of happiness. Hitherto he had lived unassociated and solitary in the midst of the universe; his deep and lonely feelings preying on a mind left to its own resources, unanswered, unreciprocated. He now found one, like himself, vigorous in intellect and rapid in action; full of that life and spirit which suited his own habits and modes of being; devoted to that country whose interests was the object of his future life; and drooping, like himself, in that feeble and futile society, whose very atmosphere is fatal to the elevation of great minds, or the vivacity of lively and energetic ones.

This conviction struck at once upon his imagination with that force which accompanied all its strong and promptly received impressions. It awakened his passions in all their natural vehemence;

and, impatient of all suspense, ill-brooking even inevitable delay, he would have gone at once to the 'head and front' of his views and hopes; he would, in his own language, have followed their object 'from pole to pole, over alps and oceans, or have remained fixed and rooted to the spot she inhabited, wooed her, won her, clung to her, and cherished her;' and, according to the startling conclusion of Lord Adelm, 'married her,' but that he was *already married*, married; at least, he considered himself, in honour, in gratitude, until she who shared his bondage voluntarily broke it.

There was too another barrier to the impulse of his passionate feelings. It was just possible that all he admired and all he sought was devoted to another. Those powers and endowments, so attractive in his eyes, might be applied to the subjection of one, who

would only prize them so long as their versatility and ingenuity could confirm and feed his visionary tastes and metaphysical delusions; so long as they could excite ideal prepossessions in favour of the invisible agent, which the actual woman would probably neither awaken nor perpetuate. From several corroborating circumstances, Fitzwalter was almost convinced that Lady Clancare was the Egeria, the demon of Lord Adelm, who had either watched over or bewildered him, had made him the object of her care, or the victim of her caprice, since his arrival in Ireland. Her knowledge of himself, his name, and profession, which she had revealed to Lord Adelm, might have come through details received from her cousin Florence Macarthy; but where she could have seen him in Ireland, or how Miss Macarthy had learned his arrival, were still enigmas.

That talent and love for the embroglio, which Lady Clancare had herself confessed to have inherited from her Spanish mother, and which took from the simplicity of her character what it added to its spirit and ingenuity, pointed her out as the agent of mystery, who had directed the conduct and led the steps of the accomplished ideologist; and who had summoned around her 'most willing spirits to do her service' in the incongruous forms of Mrs. Magillicuddy, and Owny, the Rabragh. The object of employing so clumsy an agent as the former was not very obvious; but the latter personage was manifestly devoted to her orders, and might for many reasons be deemed capable of promoting her still inexplicable views. He was her foster brother, that bond of service and devotion so sacred in Ireland. She had also relieved him from misery and incarceration.

tion by her exertion and interference. He had conveyed her from Dunore to Dublin, according to O'Leary's account, and he might, on her return to the south, have been naturally summoned to meet her at Cashel, either to carry her home, or to 'do her behests.'

Alert, adroit, gay, humorous, and deviceful, as he evidently was, he might unite to these personal peculiarities qualities inherent in the lower Irish in general. Warm friends and revengeful enemies, inviolable in their secrecy, devoted in their attachments, inexorable in their resentments, entertaining such notions of honour that neither threats nor recompense could induce them to betray a confidence to which they have once pledged themselves, they are obviously adapted to the service of a mysterious agency, whether for a political or a private purpose. Owny, who was a genuine

Irishman of this class, endowed with zeal, activity, and evasion, the qualities of a finely organized, but socially debased people, as one too who owed every thing to Lady Clancare, might, with great probability, have engaged in any scheme to forward the interests of his benevolent patroness, as he would be true to any trust reposed in him, but more especially by that popular Bhan Tierna, whose health he had pledged at the cottage at Lis-na-sleugh with a solemnity almost religious.

This act had not escaped the observation of Fitzwalter, and these suppositions and inferences, quite possible, and more than probable, were gradually worked out, distinctly examined, and rapidly combined in his fluctuating thoughts, as he pursued his way on foot to Dunore castle. To a mind so quick in its preceptions, so energetic in all its workings, slight data were sufficient

to lead to a just result; and his natural acuteness got the start in this, as in many other instances, of progressive investigation.

To detect Lady Clancare in her concealed and mysterious character was one thing; to ascertain the motive to arrive at the object of her singular, and almost equivocal conduct, was another. His life had not been a life of reflection; and woman, though frequently an object of his devotion, had never been to him a subject of analysis. Yet he knew enough of the general principles of human nature to understand that human conduct must be motivated by passion, and he could conceive but one passion incidental to female existence—and that was love. All that he had known of the sex or the sexes tendencies had been acquired under the voluptuous influence of tropical climes, among the moon-eyed beauties

of India, the languid dames of Mexico and Peru; and he would have decided at once that Lady Clancare was in love with Lord Adelm, but that the supposition was too painful to indulge. He knew not why, but it maddened him; and he was rescued from its poignancy by the reflection that Lord Adelm had never seen her, but on her first appearance in the hall of Dunore, when she had given him the impression of being a mere *minaudiere*, a caprice of his mother, having recourse to stratagem to procure an introduction to the insipid circle which Lady Dunore had grouped around her. As a woman of talent, one too who had obtained celebrity by that talent, Lord Adelm would have detested her; and that spirit and vigour of mind, which made her charm with Fitzwalter, would have rendered her insupportable in the eyes of one who placed the perfection of woman in her

fatuity, and who knew no medium between the *pretenders* of the *Hotel Rambouillet*, and the unideaed beauties of a Turkish seraglio. Still he believed, that in spite of her equivocal and playful evasion, the handkerchief found by Lord Adelm was purposely dropped by Lady Clancare. The motive of this mystery, as well as the train of events in which he had in some respects been involved himself since his arrival in Ireland, remained unfathomable. The agent and chief mover was still (he reflected himself into the conviction) the singular Bhan Tierna, whom O'Leary represented as one endowed with the art of vanquishing whom she pleased, and whose powers were darkly sketched, according to the genealogist of the Macarthies, in the obscure and remote prophecies of Friar Con.

The suspicions which now gradually lighted on the head of Lady Clancare

were necessarily withdrawn from Florence Macarthy, the refugee of the Convent of the Annunciation. With this person, the fate of General Fitzwalter was strangely linked. His connexion with the daughter of the brave Colonel Macarthy, to which he had alluded in his conversation with Lady Clancare, and with which, to his amazement, and a little to his confusion, that lady had confessed she was already acquainted, was a romantic episode in the strange history of his eventful life. To that event memory referred with a painful sensation, that originated in feelings not at rest with themselves. If there was one circumstance in his life which had left a shadow behind it, it was his connexion with Florence Macarthy. His efforts to become reconciled to himself were reduced to a proposal, which hastily conceived, and as hastily executed, was contained in the letter which

he now lamented having trusted to Lady Clancare. The misery or happiness of his future life might depend upon the answer that letter produced; meantime he was the slave of feelings new to his nature, uncongenial to his habits, but powerfully assimilating with his vehement and restless passions. He was the victim of a suspense intolerable, and wholly at variance with a character formed alike to suffer and to enjoy; but unequal to hang upon the slow course of probabilities, for the sentence which would consign him to bliss or to misery, which he could neither hasten nor control, and which, for the first time, took his destiny out of his own hands, and placed him in subordination to the will or caprice of others. The business which had brought him to Ireland was effected. It was his interest to return immediately to England, and he could give to himself no

plausible cause of delay, but the necessity, he fancied, or believed himself to be under, of waiting an answer to the letter he had despatched to Florence Macarthy: it would have been more consonant to his habitual modes of acting to have flown himself to her convent, and sought a personal interview, an immediate and decisive sentence: but his feelings opposed themselves to a conduct so natural; and he was more inclined to defer than to expedite personal communication with one, whose presence could only awaken ungracious association, and who was perhaps the only human being in existence before whom he would have blushed to present himself.

After a long slow-paced circuitous rout, considerably lengthened in fact, but apparently shortened in idea by the agitation of his thoughts, and the pre-occupation of his mind, he at last arrived at the portico

of Dunore; and, with the exception of old Crawley, who had left Dunore that morning for Dublin, and of Lord Adelm, who had not yet returned, he found the usual party assembled in the great hall of the castle, and disposed in a manner as ludicrous as it was unexpected.

Lady Dunore occupied the foreground. She stood, with a coarse bib and apron tied over her superb dinner dress of crimson satin, and filled with green rushes, which she was fastening in sheaths. The floor was spread with the same materials, which Mr. He-neage, Mr. Pottinger, and Miss Crawley, were engaged in peeling; while Mr. Daly and Conway Crawley were reading the papers; and Lord Ros-brin, covered with rushes, was spouting "Mad Tom;" Lord Frederick and Lady Georgina, as usual, were lounging on an ottoman, and laughing together

at the whole party. At the sight of General Fitzwalter, Lady Dunore sprung delightedly forward, and welcomed him with an ardour, for which, even vanity itself, could find no adequate cause.

“ This is so good of you,” she said, “ so unexpectedly kind ! Fitzadelm endeavoured to persuade me this morning that you were bored to death with us all ; that we did not in the least amuse you ; that you were engaged in business, and law, and things ; that, in short, you would neither breakfast, dine, nor sup with us ; and that, as to sleeping, you would as soon take up your lodging in Bedlam. You can’t imagine how this fretted and annoyed me, because I wanted you for a particular—” She paused abruptly, and added, “ that is, I wanted you to, to—help me to peel rushes. You see we are all occupied with this rush manu-

factory. I hope, if you settle in this neighbourhood, which perhaps," she added with a significant look, "*you may*, that you will encourage the rush manufactory; for the whole misery of this country, General Fitzwalter, arises out of the want of work, and food, and things. Isn't it so, Lady Clancare?"

General Fitzwalter followed the direction of this question, and not without emotion perceived Lady Clancare seated in the arm chair at the back of the hall, which the preceding day had been occupied by one of the judges. She looked pale and spiritless, as one exhausted, and under the reaction of over excitement. She coloured, however, slightly at Lady Dunore's appeal, and returned an affirmative, but silent nod of the head. Every one smiled, and this smile increased the colour in her cheek.

"The fact is," continued Lady Dunore, following the general's eyes with triumphant satisfaction in her own, "no one knows any thing of the real state of this country but Lady Clancare. She has given me an entirely new view of things. It is too dreadful, too heart-rending. It is all a tragedy *du plus beau noir*. I have cried myself sick as I drove here."

Every one tittered; the Crawleys almost audibly; and Lady Clancare coloured deeper than before. "The miracle is," said Lady Dunore, in a vehement manner, and wholly ingrossed with her own sensations, "the miracle is, that they don't all arise and murder us. They will do so soon; and I think they are quite justified. I would not bring them to trial if they were to murder my whole household. I will have no more secret committees, no more green bags, and special com-

missions ; ‘*employ, not hang,*’ *that’s my maxim now.* It is, however, curious enough to see people troubling their heads about elections and evangelical schools, and private theatricals, and chapels and Bible societies, and things, when the people to be represented are starving ; the people to be edified, amused, and instructed, are literally perishing for want. Give them something to eat first, and then instruct them ; teach them to labour, and then to read ; give them wants that civilize humanity, and that raise them above the brute creation, and then edify them : for, after all, the first law of nature is *to exist.* People must *live,* in order to live piously ; and it is a fact that bread is as necessary as books ; and if people will die of the typhus from cold, want, and filth, why they cannot then read the multitude of evangelical tracts which are written for their use,

and population will thin, as tracts multiply. Is it not so, Lady Clancare?"

This question, asked with emphatic gravity, excited new smiles of ridicule or amusement in some, of gratified malignity in other; for all were quite aware, that Lady Dunore's inspiration and authority came from the same source; a source which now, for the moment, ruled the ascendant. Meantime Lady Clancare's downcast, but rapidly moving eyes, seemed to take in the suffrages of the whole circle. She coloured, and only replied to Lady Dunore's parrotted details, with another oracular nod, while the officiating priestess went on, under the influence of her delphic deity.

"No one can be more devoted to the Irish government than I am, and all their measures; and I think our Irish secretary the cleverest little creature in

the world, as I said to the premier, after he made his maiden speech. I said he would distance all the rising young men, none of whom, by the bye, have risen at all; but disappointed us, like the young Roscius, and the boy that told the sums and things; and those tiresome musical children, that did all by rote. As to the vice-regal B—'s, they happen to be my particular friends, and I was quite delighted they got such a good thing, poor dears; and, in fact, they could not have gotten on at all, if they had not been sent over here, and got their thirty thousand a year. But when it comes to considering Ireland in its actual state; and when one hears *you*, Mr. Pottinger, talk of your *Lady-Lieutenant's* encouraging the Irish manufactures, because she wears a tabinet gown on St. Patrick's night, or St. Patrick's day, or in St. Patrick's church; or, what is it, Lord Fre-

derick, about the *kettle-drums* and things, and Noodle and Doodle? And *you*, Mr. Conway Crawley, talking of the chief secretary's *expedients*, and *measures of necessary coercion*; his *eminent worth*, *splendid talents*, *unremitting zeal*, *consummate wisdom*, and *transcendent merit*,* and that sort of thing; when all he *can* know of Ireland must be collected from such people as *you* and your *father*; or as he whirls through the country in a chaise and four, to shoot partridge or grouse, or to hunt at Lord *Clon—this*, or Lord *Kill—t'others*; some of your new made lords, par exemple, who are excellent people, only no one cares much about them with us; it's quite too ridiculous!

* The ready-made addresses of the most loyal corporation of Dublin, to all secretaries, past, present, and to come, abound in such epithets of universal eulogium.

Don't you think so, Lady Clancare? and when the prettiest rush-work in the world might be done, and encouraged by them all, as it is done at that very ancient ruinous town of Ballydab, the Irish Balbec, as one may call it. For my part, I shall employ ALL the poor at Dunore at rush-work. I'll have rush sofas, rush chairs, rush mats, rush fillagree, rush lights, and rush carpets; every thing, in short, that can be made of rushes."

"Then," said Lord Rosbrin, flourishing about the hall,

'Then shall we wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with our heels."

Here dinner was announced, and Lord Adelm alighted at the door at the same moment, and went to dress. The rest of the party proceeded to the dining room.

Mr. Daly officiated at the head of

the table, in the place of Lord Fitzdelm. Lady Clancare took the seat her rank assigned her, on his right hand. Lady Dunore took her's by the side of Lady Clancare; and she contrived to place General Fitzwalter opposite to both, by directing him to a seat, most mal-a-propos, between Miss Crawley and her nephew. There was something in the presence of this extraordinary stranger which had become extremely irksome to the Crawleys. They had received a sort of half-given confidence respecting him, from old Crawley, which had terrified and confounded them. He had let fall hints, and suggested possibilities, which broke upon them an event of which they had no suspicion; and though, either in timidity or distrust, he had never fully and explicitly opened his heart to them on a subject which began to oppress his conscience, in proportion as it awakened his

apprehension, they had yet gathered enough to inspire considerable alarm; and they had urged the old man to go to Dublin, previous to the election for Glannacrime, for the purpose of anticipating or frustrating a discovery, which could not long be retarded, and was pregnant with evil to the character, influence, and property, of the whole Crawley family.

Miss Crawley and her nephew now sat silent on either side of their ill-boding neighbour; while Lady Dunore, with her mouth in Lady Clancare's ear, and her eyes fixed on General Fitzwalter, continued wholly inattentive to the rest of her guests.

Lord Adelm entered the room with the second course.

"How did you get on at Glannacrime, Fitzadelm?" asked Lady Dunore, carelessly, as soon as he had finished his soup.

"I don't know exactly what your ladyship's question points at: but I got off as soon as I could."

"Did you speak to them?" she returned, with a look of nausea. "I mean to those horrors, the forty shilling freeholders?"

"Speak! oh, yes, of course, 'in wholesome manner,' Madam."

"Indeed; well, and what did you say, my dear Adelp?" continued Lady Dunore, with a little increasing interest.

"I bid them wash their faces, and keep clean their teeth, and so troubled them no further."

"That must have surprised them," said Lady Dunore, much pleased with what she took very literally; "but it was excellent advice."

"I think it must have astonished them a little," said Mr. Daly, laughing.

"Yes," observed Lord Rosbrin, "it must: but you might have chosen a

better speech, Fitzadalm. You should have said, as I did from the hustings of Kilrosbrin, before they got me into the upper house;

' Your voices, For your voices I have fought :
Watched for your voices : for your voices bear
Of wounds two dozen odd. Battles thrice six
I've seen and heard of. For your voices have
Done many things, some more, some less.'

" And did they believe you, my patrician Coriorosbrin ?" asked Lord Frederick, languidly.

" Yes," replied Lord Rosbrin, abstractedly. " The first citizen said—

' He has done nobly.'

The second citizen—

' Therefore let him be consul.'

The gods give him joy, and make him friend
To the people.'

And *all* cried—

" Amen ! amen ! God save the noble consul."

And then exeunt O. P. I speak from Covent Garden prompt-book."

Every one laughed but Lord Rosbrin, who was beyond the reach of ridicule, engaged in muttering parts of *Coriolanus*.

"Had I known of your lordship's intention of visiting Glannacrime this morning," said young Crawley, "I should have accompanied you."

"It was quite unnecessary," said Lord Adelm, coldly.

"How were you received, Fitzadelm?" asked Mr. Daly.

"Not at all; they did not know me. I look upon it as against the freedom of election to come forward personally. I went, however, to their sessions-house, where a committee was sitting in my favour. I told them Lord Adelm's opinion in a few words; that he was aware they would elect him if they could make any thing of it; but that

they would sell him and their votes together, if they could make more by the bargain."

"That must have widened the little eyes of the *yellow buttons* and *peacock's feathers*," observed Lord Frederick, laughing.

"It is a new mode of electioneering," said Mr. Daly, evidently pleased with his grand-nephew.

"And will doubtless succeed," said Conway Crawley, in a whisper to Mr. Pottinger.

Conversation now took a desultory turn; and the ladies retired early. Lady Dunore and Lady Clancare walked from the dining-room into the court, though it was after night-fall. Lady Georgina went to sleep, as usual, in order to call up her looks for the evening: and Miss Crawley retired to brood over her own venom, which every hour was increasing by the events of the day.

Mr. Pottinger had scarcely bowed out the ladies, and closed the door after them, when Lord Adelm beckoned General Fitzwalter to the window.

"Well," he said, with a look of anxious impatience.

"Well!" said the general, something perplexed. "I have nothing to tell you, save that the person to whom I alluded this morning is not, *cannot* be, your sylph, your *woman*."

He dwelt with a species of inveteracy on the latter word; and Lord Adelm, pronouncing with a sigh of disappointment and a look of mortification, "I thought so;—and I am now as far as ever from the ideal presence," they both resumed their seats.

The gentlemen sat late: conversation had taken a wide range. The general politics of Europe, the actual and relative position of their own country, the spirit of the age, and determination of

popular opinion, were discussed ably and energetically by Mr. Daly, Lord Adelm, Lord Frederick, and General Fitzwalter. Mr. Pottinger edged in a few feeble common-places, gleaned at castle dinners; Lord Rosbrin quoted and spouted where he could, and as he could; Mr. Heneage said nothing, except that the imperial Arctic Dandy was reported to employ a French *Schneider*; and Conway Crawley rather marred and thwarted the conversation, than joined or promoted it, pouring forth an infinite deal of nothings with great fluency, and arrogantly contradicting what he could not ably controvert. When they adjourned to the drawing-room, even the most temperate were a little animated, if not flushed by Lady Dunore's excellent claret; yet scarcely more wine had been taken than served to dissipate the apathetic dulness, which, in spite of Lady Dunore's own impe-

trous spirits, and vivacious character, habitually presided over the circle at Dunore.

When the men, however, entered the drawing-room, they found it only occupied by Lady Georgina and Miss Crawley; the former, with her elegantly draped figure, lying apparently half asleep on a canopied couch; the latter, seated near her, was so occupied in some narration she was muttering, that the gentlemen had advanced into the middle of the room before she observed them. Lady Georgina, with a pretty affected start of astonishment, opened her soft, languid eyes, and made an effort to rise. Lord Rosbrin meantime hanging over her, exclaimed,—

“ Her body sleeps in Capulet’s monument,
While her immortal part with angels lives.”

“ I think,” said Lord Frederick, taking his coffee, and throwing himself

on a divan, near Lady Georgina, "we all appear to be buried in the tomb of the Capulets. I had no idea the divine Marchesa meant to consign us all to such immortal dulness. The castle of *Le bois dormant* faintly images the quietude of our provincial chateau; and one of these fine days we shall all be found, by a new generation, fast asleep in the costume of the *then* last century, like the court of the Sleeping Beauty. We are already almost reduced *aux muets entreprêtes*, and shall gradually fall into the eloquent silence of that round-eyed, tongue-tied Lady Clancare, who *par parenthese*, looks as if she were extracting us all for her common-place book, and will doubtless bring us out in hot-press, *sans dire gar!*"

"I doubt she will ever bring out any thing half so good," said Conway Crawley: "as yet, that is not in her line; she has had too few opportunities of

studying fashionable life to attempt any thing in that way. Her position here, at least, is so extremely obscure, that I believe the castle of Dunore is the first fine house in the country into which she was ever admitted."

"And," said Miss Crawley, smiling, and in spite of her former discomfiture unable to contain her acrimonious spirit, "and perhaps it may be her last."

"Her principles," continued young Crawley, "as disseminated in her '*National Tales*,' as she calls them, are sufficient to keep her out of good society here."

"I thought I had heard you say, Mr. Crawley," observed Mr. Daly, "that you did not know Lady Clancare was an author?"

"I did not till this morning," said Crawley, a little confused. "When Lady Dunore mentioned the titles of her works, and the initials representing the

author's name, I recollected having looked over those *tomes of absurdity and vagueness, of daring blasphemy, of affectation, of bad taste, bombast, and nonsense, blunders, ignorance, jacobinism and falsehood, licentiousness and impiety, which it now seems are the effusions of the pseudo Lady Clan-care.*"

Young Crawley, already flushed with wine, grew still more red with rage as he spoke.

"Oh, my dear Mr. Crawley," interrupted Lord Frederick, with unusual vivacity, "say no more, or you will make us in love with the author and her work together; for, really, a book that could combine all these terrific heterogeneous qualities, and yet be read, must be very odd and extraordinary: *pour le moins.*"

"Very extraordinary, indeed," said Mr. Daly, "considering that with all

these vices and faults they have been so read and bought, as to realize an independence for their author, and enable her to carry on a suit which has deprived the elder Mr. Crawley of his dear Clotpotty-joy. It would at least appear, that in spite of professional criticism, the public are *always* with her."

"O, her flippant and arrogant ignorance has its market," returned Conway Crawley, hatred and envy of Lady Clancare, reanimated by the position she now held in a circle from which it was his object to have excluded her, getting the better of all presence of mind, and giving the direct lie to his recent declarations of ignorance; "and the *sylphed* Miss Macarthy, the *elegant* Lady Clancare, is, in fact, a mere *bookseller's drudge*. Her *impudent falsehoods*, and *lies by implication*, the *insidious jargon* of this *mad woman*, this *audacious worm*——"

"Are you speaking of Lady Clancare, Sir?" said General Fitzwalter, who had been talking to Lord Adelm, but who now turned shortly round upon young Crawley, with a tone and look that stunned the hardy railer; "are you applying such language to a *woman*—to *any* woman?"

"I—I—I was speaking, Sir," said young Crawley, nearly sobered at once, and growing pale at this address, "that is, I was repeating the criticism of a celebrated periodical review, which may, perhaps, be deemed severe, but which is edited by *men* of the most——"

"*Men!* do you call them," said General Fitzwalter, with a sharp contemptuous laugh, and turning on his heel. "*Men*, indeed!"

A momentary silence ensued. The indignant contempt with which General Fitzwalter had fixed his eyes on Crawley was observed by all. Crawley was physically timid; he shrunk back and

took up a book ; Miss Crawley changed colour; and at that moment the marchioness entered, leaning on Lady Clancare's arm. They were both wrapped in their shawls ; and the freshness of the evening air, and the deep colouring of exercise, gave a vivid brightness to their complexions.

“ We have had a delicious walk of some miles ; two or three, I believe,” said Lady Dunore, sinking into a fauteuil, and calling for coffee ; while Lady Clancare modestly took her seat rather behind than beside, so as just to raise her face over the back of Lady Dunore's chair, in a position equally shy and observing. For a moment she attracted every eye, and all sought to trace in her countenance some indication of the audacious, lying, profligate, ignorant, and pretending jacobin.

“ There is nothing, after all,” said Lady Dunore, gradually unmuffling her-

self, "like the security, and moonlight, and things of that kind, of Ireland. I am so in love with my Irish solitudes, that I am not certain I shall not remain here through the winter."

"Then, marchioness of my affections," said Lord Frederick, "I must beg my *bouquet d'adieu*; for though I agree in the old sentimental tag of *La solitude est une belle chose*, yet—"

"Oh, sweet love," interrupted Lady Georgina, addressing the marchioness, and who, as well as Lord Frederick, had her reasons for disliking the extreme smallness of the *petit comité*, in which they had lived at Dunore, and which placed every one so constantly before the eyes of the others—"oh, sweet love, you have no idea what an excellent society you have about you, if you would but let in the *Aborigines*. Miss Crawley has been amusing me this evening with a description of your

neighbours for twenty miles round. I dare say they would amuse *you* greatly. Now do, Miss Crawley, pray shew your list to Lady D. Miss Crawley has made out a list for you, *Ma Reine*."

"Oh, you may let in who you like," said Lady Dunore: "I shall not in the least object, if there are cups and saucers and things for the Irish ladies, who are monstrously particular I hear; and provided they won't expect me to go to them in return, they may come and welcome. Who shall we have? Who shall we let in, Lady Clancare? Who is there really presentable and amusing? But mind, I won't have any *circulars*; I won't have those Chinese hieroglyphics, with their tails in their mouths, that is, the serpents. What is it, Lord Frederick, about eternity you know? The Chinese Mandarin? You have no idea how that word '*eternity*' ennuies

me. Now come, Lady Clancare, do speak: who shall we have? Is there no one at Balbec, at Ballydab I mean?"

The Crawleys laughed (*aside*), but were yet heard and seen by all, Lady Dunore excepted, who was now arranging her dishevelled hair at a mirror over the chimney-piece.

"I should like to make you, my dear Lady Clancare, my returning officer, as old Mr. Crawley says, of the electioneering business. Now who shall we have?" and she resumed her seat.

Lady Clancare begged, in her low soft voice, to have the office assigned to Miss Crawley, who was so much better known in the neighbourhood.

"Oh, dear! no, Ma'am," minced Miss Crawley: "I could not think of obtruding on your *ladyship's* province."

"Now pray do as Lady Clancare desires you, Miss Crawley," said Lady Dunore, with her usual *inconsequence*

and peremptory tone. "Rosbrin, draw the writing-table near me: you shall be secretary to the committee; you shall name the persons, Miss Crawley; and then we'll talk them over, and elect accordingly."

Miss Crawley now advanced in implicit obedience to the commanding fiat of her future Neophyte; for the certain conversion of the marchioness still appeared in the perspective, and beckoned her on, through every gradation of servility, to her grand object. Every one gathered round the table placed before Lady Dunore, except General Fitzwalter and Lord Adelm. The one stood aloof, looking, partly in curiosity, and partly, perhaps, in contempt, on this group of grown children; the other was stretched upon a sofa, occupying a recess window, and partly shadowed by its drapery.

"Let us see," said Lady Dunore,

taking a paper out of Miss Crawley's hand, on which she had written some names. "Who is this? Lady Lisson! Who is she, Miss Crawley?"

"She is a young widow lady, Madam, of large fortune. They say she has more diamonds than the queen; and is niece to our bishop, with whom she is now on a visit."

"Do you know anything of her, Lady Clancare?" said the marchioness, turning coolly to her "*Cynthia of the minute.*"

"I have *seen* her," said Lady Clancare, in her wonted tone and look of real or affected simplicity.

"Is she *presentable*? What is she like?"

"Like?" said Lady Clancare, with a look of great naïveté, as if searching for some object of comparison—"Like a diamond beetle—small, shining, and insignificant. You would find her tire-

some for anything exclusive, but she might answer for a *ball*—you might ask her to that, on the strength of her diamond necklace; it helps to dress a room.”

This was the first sentence Lady Clancare had uttered aloud since her introduction at the castle; and its oddity, contrasted to her naïve air and timid look, had its due effect.

“Oh! put her down, by all means, Rosbrin,” cried Lord Frederick, laughing. “Down with the *diamond beetle*, with a N. B. the necklace to be included in the invitation.”

“And who is this, my dear Miss Crawley?—You write such a very pretty precise cramped hand—oh! Mr. and Mrs. Wiggins of Fort Wiggins.—That sounds bad,” added Lady Dunore, shaking her head.

“However it may *sound*, Madam,” said Miss Crawley, a little piqued,

and resolved not to be worsted by Lady Clancare, to whose talents she now believed herself to be purposely opposed in the arena of contest by Lady Dunore. "However it may sound, Mr. Wiggins holds a distinguished office of trust under government; and Mrs. Wiggins is supposed to have more titles at her parties than any one, except Lady Kilgobbin."

"I wish somebody would kill Lady Kilgobbin," said Lady Dunore, "for I am sick of her name. I suppose if these *Wiggins people* are government folk, we *must* have them. I wish particularly to distinguish the friends and supporters of the present ministry. But I hope *your Mrs. Wiggins* is not a quiz, Miss Crawley. Do you know her, Lady Clancare?"

"I saw her in Dublin, Madam, at a few assemblies."

"And what is she like? Now do

throw her off for us, *à trait de plume*. Now pray what is she like?"

"Like—like a scarlet flamingo, lean and lank, all legs and neck, in an eternal *red velvet* gown."

"I'll have nothing to do with your flamingo, my dear Miss Crawley. The *eternal red gown* would destroy me in two nights. I cut the flamingo and the velvet gown, positively, legs, neck, and all."

"No, no," interrupted Lord Frederick, "the flamingo must go in with the beetle. Only conceive; you will stand here like your mother Eve, surrounded by all the birds of the air and beasts of the field.—Rosbrin, down with the flamingo, as a *pendant* for the beetle; they are charming; and here is," he added, looking over Lady Dunore's shoulder, "here is Mrs. Randal Royston—delicious name! and the three Miss Roystons."

"There were originally *seven* Miss Flambroughs, with seven China oranges," said Lady Clancare, with kindling spirits, and now evidently *piquée au jeu*, but Mrs. Randal has married, or rather *lunched off* four."

"Lunched off! Good God, how good!" said Lady Dunore, laughing; "but how lunched off, my dear Lady Clancare?"

"Why, when maternal speculation, with balls, dinners, and suppers, wholly failed, Mrs. Royston advertised sandwiches to morning saunterers, and got rid of her Westphalia hams and her marriageable daughters together."

Everybody laughed. Miss Crawley made an effort to speak, but was overpowered by the loud shrill voice of Lady Dunore.

"Here, read on, Lord Frederick: do you read: go on. This is too amusing."

"Here is," said Lord Frederick,

"General and MRS. GENERAL Jenkins."

"But not the *general* Mrs. Jenkins," said Lady Clancare, whose spirits apparently grew with what they fed on, and who gradually came more forward on the scene, with increasing confidence. "Not the *general* Mrs. Jenkins: on the contrary, she is the *exclusive* Mrs. Jenkins, one who discriminates by the indices of the Red Book, estimates qualities by the nobs on coronets, and ranges all worth and talent under the privilege of walking at a coronation: for the rest, she is fussy, fidgetty, and fretful, but useful in getting up balls, to extract names from a porter's book; and might herself pass the muster-roll of gentility unnoticed, but for her *idears*, *winders*, *Mariars*, *Mirandars*, and all the whole race of r's in the Cockney vocabulary of Bow-bell."

"Now, Lady Dunore," interrupted

Miss Crawley, more annoyed at the amusement Lady Clancare was exciting, than by the abuse of Mrs. General Jenkins, "now I must observe to you, that this Mrs. Jenkins, the object of Lady Clancare's ridicule, happens to be her own friend; and if her ladyship ridicules her own particular friends—"

"My own particular friends!" said Lady Clancare, gravely; "and if I don't laugh at my *own* friends, whose friends can I take the liberty of laughing at, Miss Crawley?"

"Really, Madam," said Miss Crawley, sneering, "I at least do not see the necessity—"

"Necessity! Oh, pardon me,—the necessity is obvious, inevitable, *plus fort que moi*, and does not leave a shadow of free-will in the case."

"My aunt, Madam," said young Crawley, "must decline all logical disquisition with you on *necessity* and *free*

will. She is not quite so *learned* in metaphysics, and does not advertize her study of Locke for the benefit of the public. I believe, and hope, indeed, *she never read him.*"

"Did not she?" asked Lady Clancare, with simplicity; "then she must not *speak* of him, Mr. Crawley: for there's no getting at Locke *by deputy*. There is no quartering review of *him*! no opinions to be picked up at second-hand, no cut and dry criticisms, neat, compact, and portable, made up in small parcels, and ready for immediate use, as soon as delivered to the purchaser—you understand, Mr. Crawley. To speak of Locke, to criticise *him*, one must absolutely read him—a gone-by sort of practice unknown to the retailers of literature of the present day, the pedlars and hawkers of the cast-off observations of hireling umpires. But," she added, with a total change of coun-

tenance and manner, and a sort of fondling voice, opposed to the sharp acute accent she had first spoke in, "you must *not believe*, my dear Lady Dunore, that I am the *ingrate and cankered Bolinbroke*."

"Henry Fourth, act first, scene third," observed Lord Rosbrin, raising his eyes from his list to Lady Clancare's face, with pleasure and surprise.

"I am not," she continued, following up her blow on the heart of Lord Rosbrin and the temper of the Crawleys at the same moment—"I am not guilty of this 'ungrateful injury,' as Coriolanus has it, against Mrs. General Jenkins. She is *not* my friend: judge if she merits that name. On my coming down to this country, some two years back, Mrs. Jenkins, herself then a stranger, came to visit me, on the strength of my title, and did not get *into* my ruined towers, to view the

"nakedness of the land;" so she sent me an invitation to her house. I went, *pour voir ce que cela deviendra*, and accompanied her to an assize-ball, where she suddenly dropped me; for, having found out that I was but a *pauper* peeress, and fitter for the parish books than the red bench, she charitably consigned me to my destiny; and now meets, stares at, and passes me; while I, with my '*good den, Sir Richard,*' am answered with, '*a gad have mercy, fellow.*' But I advise you to ask her to your fête, whenever you give any, for she twines holly and ivy wreaths for garlanding the walls, cuts flowers out of turnips and carrots for ornamenting supper-tables, and has a recipe for making very tolerable lemonade, without the expensive addition of lemons."

"No, no; no Mrs. General Jenkins," was the *general* cry: while Lady Dunore, equally delighted with the amusing

powers of the awakened Lady Clancare, as with the discomfiture of her ex-favourites, the Crawleys, who, it was evident, were gradually losing ground in her changeable opinion, cried out louder than all, "Go on, go on, Lord Frederick. Who have we next? Now, Lady Clancare."

"Mrs. Wilkinson," pronounced emphatically Lord Frederick.

"A great favourite of our late lord-lieutenant," said Mr. Pottinger, who was on the Crawley side, "quite a beauty in the grand style."

"Yes," said Lady Clancare, laughing, "a very Mammoth of loveliness, ponderously pretty, with no more joints than an elephant, and quite as heavy and as mischievous withal; for she'll tread the nap off your carpet while she talks down the character of your friends, and never moves or breathes, but to injure."

"She's mighty pert," said Mr. Pot-

tinger, in a half whisper to Conway Crawley, whose looks replied in the affirmative.

"Yet for all that," said Lord Frederick, "we must have the *elephant* to compleat the menagerie. Put her down, Rosbrin, with the beetle and the Flamingo: so,—here are Mr. and Mrs. Twiggie, too: I like the name—it bodes well."

"Mr. Twiggie is one of our great Irish financiers," interrupted Miss Crawley, endeavouring to get the *pas*; "for our rich army agents here answer to the financiers of France, as described by Marmontel in his sweetly written *Memoires*."

"I shall say nothing of the army agents," said Lady Clancare, "till *there's a peace*."

"Scrub! hem!" said Lord Rosbrin, chuckling.

"*Peace or war*," said young Crawley,

much irritated, "the *Twiggles* must always hold a situation of trust and emolument. The government will always take care of *them*: and as to Mrs. Twiggle, she's first cousin to that distinguished parliamentary leader, and *will-be* minister, who reflects such lustre upon this country, by his extraordinary talents and wit; which family endowment indeed she shares. Mrs. Twiggle is a woman of first-rate abilities, and, like her illustrious kinsman, one of the best critics, and one of the most eloquent persons, I ever listened to. She has indeed none of that flip-pant smartness, which is rather the pertness of pretension, than the ebullition of genuine ability; but she has a flow of language—"

"*Flow*, do you call it?" said Lady Clancare, in surprise: "a *flow*, a *flood*, that carries down with it all sorts of rubbish. In fact, the eloquent Mrs.

Twiggle is not *ill* represented by a long-necked bottle, shallow and noisy. My dear Lady Dunore, you would die of it. A windmill is an hermitage to the neighbourhood of the *eloquent* Mrs. Twiggle."

"Away with her, away with her!" cried Lord Rosbrin, theatrically. "No Twiggle," was the general cry; while young Crawley, without temper or taste, to enter into this idle playfulness, without art or talent to counteract the growing popularity of Lady Clancare, who was now triumphantly under weigh, and sailing over the prejudices excited against her authorship, rudely snatched up the paper from Lord Rosbrin, and said in a tone of great irritation, "I believe, Lady Dunore, my aunt will rather decline giving any further assistance on this occasion. For as *she* happens to *know* and *visit* all the persons of distinction who inhabit this

neighbourhood, it is rather mortifying her to hear calumnies launched against all the leading gentry and principal people of the province."

"Calumny!" reiterated Lady Clancare, with mock solemnity, and solemnly spreading her little hand on her bosom, "I deny the accusation. I deny that the *Lissons*, and *Wiggens*, and *Jenkins*, and *Roystons*, and *Twiggles*, are the gentry of the province. Though some be nieces of embarrassed English clergymen, suddenly become Irish bishops, who, having dropped the birch in their own country, snatch the crozier in our's; though they be placemen and pensioners, and army-agents and revenue commissioners, yet their very names were unheard of in this country a few years back; and I therefore deny that they are the *genuine* nobility and *gentry* of this country. My dear Lady Dunore, if you would

invite only the Irish aristocracy to your castle, you must deliver your cards to king's messengers, and send your invitations to every court in Europe, except our own, where alone the *Irish nobility are not to be found*. But if the true *gentry* of the country will satisfy you, the descendants of her brave chiefs and princes, the O's, and the Mac's, there is no province in Ireland can furnish a more *national* or delightful circle than Munster. I promise you, you will be delighted with them. You will, perhaps, find more brogue and bows than you would meet with in your English assemblies; but you will also find something of the refined courtesy, and gay spirit of the Irish cavalier, still extant in the inheritance of temperament, when all other inheritances have been swept away: prompt, indeed, to suspect slight, but ardent to repay kindness; for, like the Irish

wolf dog, the *Irish people* are devoted when caressed, and fierce only when provoked. I propose then, in this great election for the independent borough of your ladyship's favour, the O's and the Macs as worthy candidates."

"I second the motion," cried Lord Frederick.

"The O's and the Macs," echoed on every side, while Lord Rosbrin, flourishing his handkerchief, cried out, "a mug, a mug, a mug!"*

Lady Dunmore, delighted with the noise, because noise always delighted her, charmed by the transition in Lady Clancare's manner, because all transitions gave her sensation; gratified by the amusement it had, and still might afford her, embraced her new favourite *à la françoise*, and cried out—

"You are quite charming. I told

* Mayor of Garret.

you how popular you would become whenever you would shake off your *mauvaise honte*. You shall ask who you like to the castle, and nobody but *whom* you like; for I now constitute you mistress of the revels of Dunore."

"Do you?" said Lady Clancare with vivacity; "then I'll make the '*welkin dance*,' or at least Clotnotty-joy; and if I could find out a co-partner in my labours, I would get up a series of festivities that should last out your banishment here. We would perform a masque for the amusement of the nobles of the castle, as in the older times: we would have the most lamentable comedy and cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe;" and her countenance now assumed the dull stupidity of Peter Quince; "or we would try——"

Lord Rosbrim, as if touched by an electric spark, here interrupted her with the rejoinder of Bully Boltom,

"a very good piece of work, and a merry—" Then taking her hand, to the amusement of all, he added, with great gravity,

"Come, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night-shade,
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon ;"

while she replied significantly,

"Come, my lord, and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
THAT I SLEEPING HERE WAS found
By these mortals."

"Sleeping indeed !" said Lady Dunore ; "but you have awakened us all now, I trust."

"*Macbeth* hath murdered sleep," added Lord Rosbrin. "But what mirth, what revelry, shall we begin with ?"

"A mask presented at Ludlow Cas-

tle, 1634, on Michaelmas night, before the Right Honourable John Earl of Bridgewater, Lord President of Wales, called Comus," said Lady Clancare, looking at Lord Rosbrin; who replied, fluttering about in an ecstasy,

"Music by Henry Lawes. Here, we'll cast it forthwith;" and he dropped on his knees and seized the pen. "What are the characters? I have not looked into Comus these six months."

"There is the elder brother," said Lady Clancare, dictating gravely.— "General Fitzwalter— younger brother, Lord Adelm—the lady, by Lady Georgina—Comus, your lordship; and the Crew, Mr. and Miss Crawley, Mr. Pottinger, &c."

"And Euphrosyne, Lady Clancare," said Lord Rosbrin.

"Now then," said Lady Clancare, with all the spirit and sportiveness of the character assigned her,

"Welcome song and welcome jest,
Mid-night shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine."

"Brava! brava!" re-echoed on every side.

"For the audience," she continued, "Lady *Bridgewater*, seated under a canopy, and dressed in the old *English habit*, shall be represented by the marchioness."

"I have one," interrupted Lady Du-more, "made for the last opera masquerade."

"The Lord-President will be admirably done by Mr. Daly; and the *O's* and the *Macs* will look stately and quaint in the boxes; while the *Wiggins*, and *Twiggles*, and *Roystons*,

"*Will fill a pit as well as better men.*"

"To be sure they will," said Lady

Dunore; "we'll parade them all on the occasion; and that won't be the least part of the fun."

"We must have an afterpiece," said Lord Rosbrin, gravely, and in a thoughtful attitude.

"Let it be something Spanish," said Lady Dunore, "in compliment to General Fitzwalter."

General Fitzwalter was leaning over the back of a chair, pursuing the variations of Lady Clancare, who now was light and fantastic.

"Like some gay creature of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow lives."

He started at this application to his *amour propre*, and bowed slightly and in some confusion, while Lady Dunore, her eyes still fixed on him, whispered something in Lady Clancare's ear, who blushed, threw down her eyes, and shook her head incredulously. This

was not the first time he had observed a mysterious communication between these two ladies, of which he was evidently the object, but he had never been struck so forcibly as now ; for the deep blush of Lady Clancare gave it no trifling effect.

In the meantime, Lord Rosbrin, puzzling his head for a *Spanish American piece*, could think of nothing but Pizarro, which it was impossible to cut down into a farce ; and so, as a succedaneum, he proposed the Spanish farce of the PADLOCK, in which Lady Clancare offered to play *Mungo* to his Leander, except Mr. Heneage had a preference for that part. Mr. Heneage declared that he would not blacken his face for any earthly consideration ; and Lord Rosbrin observed he should much like to try his talent at singing, but that he had no wooden leg among his properties for Leander. Lady Clancare

suggested that the wooden leg was a worn out *common-place*; that *tying up* the limb in a handsome blue scarf would be a new reading; and that, with the help of a cane, he would manage it admirably.

"Exactly," said Lord Rosbrin, charmed with the idea of a *new reading*: "such a scarf as this," and he took one from off Miss Crawley's shoulders. "Here, Heneage, lend me your arm. Now, Pottinger, fasten this round my ankle, so; and then round my neck, so. Thank you, Lady Clancare, for your assistance: how well you understand these things; that's a little too tight though; not quite so many knots. Oh, the devil! your ladyship's tying my heel to my head. Stay, I'll try a few bars of the serenade:

'Oh thou whose charms have won my heart.'

D—n it, *this* is torture. I—I—" and suddenly seized with the cramp, Lord

Rosbrin now fell to the ground, almost screaming with pain, and crying, "By the Lord I have got the most intolerable cramp: loose me, for pity's sake, or I shall die of it."

Every one now hastened to relieve him, but Lady Clancare's nimble fingers had tied a Gordian knot: no one could loosen it. Lord Rosbrin roared, and Mr. Daly at last *cut boldly* what could not be untied. Every body laughed, as if the sufferings of the noble amateur were "sport for ladies." Miss Crawley received back her mangled scarf with a look of vexation and dismay. Lady Dunore, equally amused by the sufferings of one friend, the annoyance of the other, and the *espieglerie* of the third, turned round, after a fit of laughter that brought tears to her eyes, to reproach Lady Clancare for not assisting at a *denouement* she had rendered so difficult to effect, but—she was gone.

CHAPTER II.

But yet I say,
If imputation and strong circumstance,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

SHAKESPEARE.

GENERAL FITZWALTER retired early from the circle at the castle, and was passing rapidly through the hall to his carriage, when the figure of Lord Adelm caught his attention, moving under the projecting corridor, and tearing some paper in a thousand pieces, which he had trampled under his feet. His countenance was marked by strong traces of passion, and his obvious confusion and embarrassment, when his eyes met Fitz-

walter, almost tempted the latter to pass on without addressing him; suddenly, however, turning back upon his steps, under the influence of a prompt and ardent sympathy, as easily excited as it was uncontrollable, he demanded,

"What is the matter? You appear to suffer. Has any thing happened to annoy you?"

"Annoy me, indeed!" he repeated, while the general took his arm, and walked for a minute in silence by his side.

"What can have occurred within the last hour, when I saw you smiling in mockery at the buffoon, Lord Rosbrin? Fancies, not facts, I trust: for I would rather believe your nymph had discovered herself, and so dispelled your illusions than——"

"Discovered herself with a vengeance! she has discovered herself."

"Ha! has she so?"

"Oh! with a frankness perfectly original. For, with an ingenuous confession that she has made my vanity and credulity the dupes of her devices, and the instruments of her own views, she absolves me from her spells, restores me to my freedom of agency, releases me from leading strings, and with a mysterious allusion to the convent of Nuestra Señora de las Augustias, the ruins of the Holy-cross, and my visit to Court Fitzadelm, she signs herself mine *au revoir*, MARY MAGILLICUDDY. And thus," he added, tearing to atoms the fragments of the letter he still held—"thus ends a dream I would not have exchanged for any real good life could have bestowed, which was to me as the spirit of the sun-beam to Tasso, as the airy voice to Des Cartes, as the resplendent light, which hovered over the shadow of Cellini."

"I'm glad of it," replied the general,

emphatically; and there was a beaming satisfaction in his animated countenance that ratified the assurance, as if he was himself relieved from some unpleasant conjecture, which weighed heavily on his mind. "All that is mystery is bad," he added; "you will now be restored to yourself. Passion, genuine and correspondent to your age and character, will succeed to dis-tempered fancies; realities to visions; and the heart will act, where the imagination has so long exclusively operated."

"You think, then," said Lord Adelm, "that I am to rest here, to return solemn thanks for my delivery, and to sit down quietly in the pleasant conviction of having been the dupe of some idle or wilful person, who construes the enthusiasm and elevation of my character into vanity and credulity, and insolently laughs at the simplicity with which I

have submitted to the imposition. No, by heavens! time, accident, or perseverance in the research, must yet discover this arrogant unknown. If it be a man, the result is obvious, and if a woman——” He clenched his hands, and ground his teeth. “To be revenged, I would pursue her under every form, device, and stratagem, that could woo and win; to punish, I would even marry her, and thus make her future life the slow-working expiation of her momentary insolence.”

Either the general saw the folly of contending with the first burst of suffering of wounded self-love, or his own thoughts so deeply ingrossed him, that he permitted a long silence to succeed to this singular denunciation; then starting, as from a profound reverie, he said,

“I shall be detained here a few days longer, contrary to my intention. Your

election may be determined in the interim ; and the revelation, which must then take place——”

“ Yes,” interrupted Lord Adelm ; “ but it is an object with me that this revelation be protracted. Nothing effectual can be done till the opening of term.”

“ Nay, you shall name the time, the moment, yourself. I too have my reasons for prolonging my incognito yet a little longer.”

“ What !” said Lord Adelm, with a bitter smile, “ have you too a phantom to contend with ?”

“ No: my object of *contention*, as you call it, is, simply, *a woman*.”

“ The betrothed wife to which you alluded ?” asked Lord Adelm.

“ You shall know all at a future moment,” was the reply.

Here the opening of the drawing-room door, and the sound of ap-

proaching steps and voices, separated the friends. Lord Adelm retreated to his dressing room, and the general threw himself into the Dunore chaise, and returned to his tower.

Solitude, the nurse of genius and enthusiasm, is the true sphere of passion; and silence and meditation communicate a contagious energy to the feelings and fancy, which fades and becomes enfeebled in the bustling and noisy communication of the world. The wild shores and mountain headlands, the solitary ruins and shadowy glens, which diversified the scenery of Dunore, were appropriate sites and associations to him in whom a sentiment, ardent in proportion to its novelty, had arisen. This sentiment, inspired by one as much an object of suspicion as of admiration, occupied General Fitzwalter with a despotism, which a sense of honour, and of his own peculiar situation, could

alone repress or resist. Still it possessed, it ingrossed him : it chased repose from his pillow by night; it agitated and disturbed the dream of the morning; and it drove him into scenes of solitude, wild as his passions, and lonely as his existence.

It was his wish, and might almost be called his principle, to avoid the castle of Dunore; yet he had no power to accomplish the purpose; and though in the interim which must necessarily elapse before the arrival of an answer from Florence Macarthy he escaped the invitation of the marchioness, by the pretence of a visit to the romantic, and, locally, celebrated glen and hermitage of the Gougane Barra, yet in four days that he had ridden about the country, he had seldom lost sight of the turrets of Dunore, or the ruined towers of Castle Macarthy.

On the afternoon of the fifth day,

he found himself on the edge of a wild moor, or what in Ireland is called a shaking bog, which skirted the heights of Clotnotty-joy. He alighted from his horse to inquire for a bridle-way more safe than that he pursued, from a man, who appeared white-washing the walls of a wretched hut, which arose lonely and desolate amidst the bleak and dreary scene. As he advanced, he perceived a woman, in a grey cloak and straw bonnet, standing near the cabin, and seemingly giving directions. The sound of his horse's feet caught her ear. She took off her bonnet, shook back her dark hair, and discovered the glowing countenance of the Lady Clancare.

General Fitzwalter started at this unexpected vision, and then advanced and moved his hat ; but with her upraised hand she beckoned him back, and exclaimed with much earnestness :

"No, no, pray don't come here: go back, General Fitzwalter, I beseech you."

"For what reason?" he demanded coolly, and still advancing. "This is my road."

"For a thousand reasons," she replied, moving rapidly away, and speaking with her head turned over her shoulder.

"One will suffice," he rejoined, still approaching.

"There is a fever raging in that house. Nay, it may not be safe even to come in contact with me."

"In contact *with you!*" he answered, with a voice full of emotion, and now walking beside her, with his horse following at bridle's length. "But if a fever rages here, why then are you here yourself?" he demanded anxiously.

"Oh, because I bear a charmed life," she returned, laughing, but quickening

her pace, as if to get beyond the sphere of contagion ; “ because if I did not come, four wretches who lie there, dying for want of proper care, would perish. The neighbours hold this typhus in such dread, that though they come and leave a little drink at the door of the cabin, they dare not enter. No, no, you shall not speak what you are going to say about charity and, *a good heart; that* virtue always ascribed to those who have none—the capricious and the unregulated. The fact is, these poor people are my tenants. I induced them to settle in this swampy tract, and feel myself in part answerable for their existence.”

“ But if there is infection here ? ”

“ I laugh at the idea of infection ; that is, in my own person. The fever which sweeps away the poor people is, in my mind, the pure result of their poverty and its concomitants, filth and

starvation. Their moral and physical ills are closely linked, and arise out of the same cause. Repeal the act which banished our landlords, and exhausts the country of its revenue and resources, and then disease will disappear, with the want that fosters it. People will die, to be sure, and of typhus fever sometimes ; but it will no longer be to Ireland what the yellow fever is to the West Indies, or the plague to Constantinople."

" But how is it you warn others of a danger you condemn yourself ?"

" The imagination," she returned, smiling, " goes a great way in this business ; and I keep mine exclusively for my books. This disease I believe to be epidemic, and not infectious. I have exposed myself constantly to it these two years, and here I am, still directing Lawrence Toole how to white-wash his hut. But as I may be singular in my

opinion, I should not be justified in exposing others unconsciously, where, after all, there may be something like danger. But," she added, suddenly pausing, and slackening her rapid pace, "is not this rencontre a breach of our original stipulation? We were not, I think, to hold any communication till the arrival of—"

"I did not understand that accidental rencontres came under the head of your prohibitions, which, you perceive, I have otherwise religiously observed."

"You take the advantage of the *letter*, and neglect the *spirit* of the enactment, I observe, and neither keep the promise to the sense, nor the ear."

"No, in this instance, as through life, I merely give myself up to the tide of circumstances as they flow; adapt them to my wishes and my views as I can; render them serviceable to my purposes as I may; turn them to the best account

of which they are susceptible: but when they become wholly untractable and adverse, then I trust I shall stand the brunt of their resistance with fortitude, and, with Milton's dæmon-hero, acknowledge, that '*to suffer, as to do, our strength is equal.*' I had no hope of meeting your ladyship this morning; but most assuredly I will not neglect the good the 'gods provide me.' I am too selfish, perhaps, to consult your wishes; but still you will not find me unprepared to obey your commands. Do you desire me to leave you?"

"Wishes, obedience, and commands!" repeated Lady Clancare, shaking her head. "You are resolved to leave me no female doubling to escape by. You bring me to my purgation at once, and put to rout the host of little diplomacies with which we habitually come at our object, without any visible interference on our own part. Suppose

now I did not *wish* you to go, and yet thought it right to *command* your departure. You see," she added, with her brilliant laugh, "to what you have reduced me, and plenary confession is all now that remains."

"If for one moment," he added, with warmth, "I may suppose you *do not wish* me to go, even your commands should not banish me. Will you take my arm, and permit me to see you home?"

She declined the offer with a slight bow, and after a short pause, observed, "You seem, General Fitzwalter, to have lived but little with women?"

"So little, Madam, that I fear I am scarcely fit to live with them; and yet am unable to live without them. Woman is to me, the spring in the desert, precious and rare, seldom found in my life's wild and dreary track; but when found——"

Lady Clancare looked full in his eyes, and laying her forefinger on his arm, pronounced emphatically, "Florence Macarthy!" A deep crimson rushed over his face. "Since," he said, "you revert, yourself, to that strange circumstance, you will allow me to enter fully on an explanation of conduct, governed only by that inevitable course of events, which in human life governs every thing."

"Not one syllable," she interrupted eagerly. "I am one of those legislators, the first to break the laws they make, but withal, rigid as to the infringement of others: a perfect Lord Angelo. But raise your eyes to the right. Do you not see an abrupt conical hill?" His eyes followed the direction of her hand.

"It is called," she continued, "*Cahir Conreagh*, the fort of the king, and is the scene of much romantic

story. It rises, as you see, in a plain, open and sunny, like the life-path of the prosperous : that is *your* way :— and here, to the left, behold, is a little gloomy glen, obscure and cloud-capp'd—it is rude and obstructed, and leads to solitudes and ruins—that is *mine* : farewell."

She turned abruptly away, towards the spot she had so singularly described, and moved on with rapidity : but Fitzwalter as rapidly followed, and overtook her.

"Lady Clancare," he said, imperatively, "you *must* hear me. I will not neglect the opportunity afforded me by accident—accident is fate, is fortune ; and fools or cowards only neglect its favours, or miss its tide. I am not much in the habit of governing myself, or of being governed—more practised in command than in obedience ; yet I have obeyed you,

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and a name destined for immortality: and when Florence Macarthy described you as bearing her wounded, dying parent in your arms, from the field of battle to the neighbouring convent, from which she herself had beheld the fatal conflict, when she painted you as generously answering all his parental-solicitudes, by offering to give his child the only protection a man of your age could afford a woman of her's, when she dwells upon your valour and disinterestedness, your prompt, uncalculating, romantic generosity——”

“ Lady Clancare,” said General Fitzwaller, in great emotion, and colouring deeply, “ I cannot hear you out. That Miss Macarthy should have received such an impression, that you should thus recapitulate——”

“ Me!” she replied, carelessly: “ you don't suppose I was imposed upon by the representations of a love-sick girl?”

No, I have little respect for military heroes. Luck and temperament usually form the compound of a hero ; and for one Cæsar on the list of military immortality there is many an illiterate Marlborough, without education sufficient to spell his own despatches, and many a brutal Saxe, without intellect enough to compose them. O! your heroes follow a fearful and an hireling trade, at best: sometimes the butchers, sometimes the gaolers of the species ; rarely its advocates or benefactors. Vain-glorious abroad, worthless at home, despotic in the camp, dull in the circle. It has been well, though quaintly said,

‘ Hercules was a fool, and straight grew famous,
For fool’s the stuff of which heaven makes a
hero.”

“ If a man,” said Fitzwalter, with a bent brow, and a compressed lip, “ ambitioned the character of a hero, your

ladyship's description would but little flatter his passion."

" I admit exceptions, however, and would make one in favour of *the Librador*, to whom American gratitude may yet raise statues; but I do not admit them to Florence Macarthy. It has long been my system to oppose *her* fatal, fruitless prepossession in your favour, by representations calculated to weaken them; and when she would excuse your desertion, by the untoward circumstances of a party of the royal troops rushing down upon the convent, at the moment when the marriage ceremony was performing in its chapel, which obliged you to drop the hand of the weeping (and, *entre nous*), maudlin bride, and to seize the sword—when she dwells upon your being forced from the altar to the field, upon your bravely opposing, repulsing, pursuing, a sanguinary foe, being surrounded, taken pri-

soner, condemned to death, rescued by your own devoted troop, then *I* take up the tale, to add—and once more free and crowned with fresh laurels, did he return to lay them at your feet, to claim his half-widowed bride, to ratify his imperfect vows !”

She paused, looked under her eyes; and there was a malignant archness in her countenance which had its effect. In a tone of irritation and impatience, he replied: “I was the victim of circumstances. I did, however, return.”

“When?” asked Lady Clancare hastily.

“At the expiration of some months, and found the convent, where Miss Macarthy had been placed by her father, during the campaign in which he fell to save me, razed to the ground by the Spanish army.”

“And with the convent,” continued Lady Clancare, laughing, “fell your

hopes and wishes, and all the et cetera of disappointed love. War was, in fact, your mistress; for glory was your passion; and now Florence Macarthy is left to find herself the 'sponse of God in vain:' for though, after your desertion, she struggled hard in her vocation, the human feeling was superior to the heavenly calling, '*not on the cross her eyes were fixed, but you:*' for you were still before her, and always under circumstances favourable to her unhappy prepossession. She followed you through all the public events of the day. Every gazette was a register of your actions and heroism; every newspaper '*prated of your whereabouts.*' The Guerilla chief, Il Librador, became the hero of her imagination, that first strong-hold in the pregnable garrison of a woman's feelings."

She paused. The general sighed

deeply, walked on with a slackened pace and folded arms, and lent not a pleased but an ardent attention, interrupted by occasional starts of amazement, while she again continued: "Unwooded, unsought for, forlorn, abandoned, poor, and friendless, the destruction of the convent which had afforded her an asylum urged her return to Ireland. Since *then* her life has been a blank, with one bright object glittering upon its surface, like the brilliant spot, self-formed, in the retina of the eye, when all around is darkness. You, however, I trust, have come to dispel that darkness, and to give to that bright speck a more definite form and a steadier lustre; for I take it for granted you are returned in search of a wife,

‘ *Lost or mislaid,
Stolen or strayed,*’

as the crier of Ballydab has it: though

I confess you negotiate the recovery with a *sang froid* that renders your ardour in the research very doubtful."

"I came to this country," he said, thoughtfully, and with a countenance marked by painful embarrassment,—
"upon a very different business; upon a mission less generous, less *just*, than you suppose." He pressed his hand to his forehead, and abruptly broke off: then, after a few moments silence, interrupted only by a deep inspiration, he added, "I will see Miss Macarthy, Madam. I will leave Dunore for her convent to-morrow; and if her feelings are disposed as you describe them, if her religious, like her marriage vows, are still unratified—"

"If they were ratified," interrupted Lady Clancare, eagerly, "with her great uncle, a cardinal of considerable influence with the pope, and resident at Rome, Don Dermutio Macarthy, there

would be no difficulty in procuring a dispensation." Then, after a long pause, she added, with earnestness,—“ Go then, General Fitzwalter, and hear your destiny from the lips of her whose life and happiness lies, I fear, in your decision; and take with you my prayers for your happiness, my hopes that whatever may have drawn you to this poor country, it will yet benefit by your talents and philanthropy; and the liberator of the enslaved in other lands may become the advocate of the oppressed in his own.”

She spoke with a feeling, an energy that was infectious; and when she pronounced “farewell,” and extended her hand to Fitzwalter, he seized it with a grasp, almost painful in its pressure: his eyes were fixed upon her as he searched, or would have searched, her inmost soul; and the agitation of his countenance evinced the conflict of

deep and strongly opposed emotions by which his own was torn ; yet he continued silent.

“ Should Miss Macarthy’s answer arrive in your absence, inclosed to me,” demanded Lady Clancare, gently, but vainly endeavouring to liberate her hand, “ where am I to forward it ? ”

“ If,” said he, dropping her hand with a deep sigh, and recovering from his abstraction,—“ if you expect an answer so soon—” he paused.

“ I must have one in a day or two at furthest,” she replied. “ I did not trust your embassy to our uncertain cross-posts : I despatched one of our Irish pedestrian couriers, who, if not quite as graceful as ‘ a feathered mercury,*’ are always trust-worthy. He

* These foot-messengers perform long journeys with a celerity quite incredible ; and for a recompence that marks the poverty of their state and the industry of their habits. They

will return with an answer in the shortest possible time, that the surprise, I may say joy, of poor Florence will permit, in order that she may coolly sit down and reply to your unexpected proposals; for be they what they may, coming from *you*, after a silence of three years, they must surprise her, and cannot fail to be unexpected."

"Then," he said, "I will remain here, as I first intended, until this—answer—arrives."

"Perhaps it were best," replied Lady Clancare, carelessly; "but you must now leave me. I know not how I have been thus led on to enter upon a topic forsworn: a woman is always the slave of circumstance and her own garrulity."

"But I have still much to say,"
will carry a letter thirty Irish miles (near forty English) for sixpence, and perform this journey two or three times a week.

replied Fitzwalter, with earnestness,
“ much to ask.”

“ You must not say it now, not here, for we are near the high-road to Dunore. I must not be seen walking with you by the persons of this neighbourhood, who have no quadrant to take the altitude of my character, and yet affect to calculate my conduct. I have set out in life with wind and tide against me; and now, that by prudence and circumspection I have been enabled to anchor in a safe but rude harbour, I would fain have no enemy to contend with but ‘ *winter and rough weather.*’ Yet, even here, calumny has reached me.”

“ But if you forbid my intrusion elsewhere, you will at least release me from an observance of your orders of reserve at the castle of Dunore. Will you permit me to address you there when we meet?”

“ Not for a wilderness of monkies,”

she replied, eagerly, and smiling; "for I hold my tenure in Lady Dunore's favour by a clause, in which, somehow or other, your not appearing to know me makes an item."

"Indeed! but good God, what object can her friendship be to you or——"

"Her friendship! the maniac!" she interrupted, with an indignant laugh that changed the whole expression of her countenance. "She my friend!—she is my instrument, my agent, my tool, my any thing. You look amazed, General Fitzwalter: it will not lessen your amazement when I tell you that I am playing a part upon which all the prosperity and happiness of my life depends. It was necessary that I should get into the castle of Dunore and obtain an influence over its mistress. This was effected by means as wild and extravagant as her mind and habits. I was to

astonish her into prepossession, and secure her by a series of events which should gratify her love of strong excitements, and keep up the constitutional fever of her being; which should make her mine, give me the use of her house, the sanction of her authority, and keep aloof the idle frivolous circle, which, privileged by the charter of society, would, out of mere curiosity, without besieging or beseeching, have gained admission to my den, intrude upon the time they could neither compensate nor occupy, and then have left me to oblivion and neglect. As it is, I counteract the pernicious influence of the Crawleys on her mind, serve the poor of my neighbourhood, by directing the caprices of Lady Dunore to relieve their wants, keep off her train by her own prohibitions, and have obtained ample '*scope and room enough*' for all my machinations: for to tell you a secret,

at this moment I move more puppets by my art than one."

As she spoke, she looked like the magician she described herself. "I perceive," she continued, with a voice and glances which became every moment more acute and penetrating, "that while I gain upon your imagination I lose in your esteem; but I shall recover it: '*Le tems et moi*,' as Cardinal Mazarine used to say. When you become acquainted with the object, you will admit the legality of the means, extraordinary as they are, extraordinary as they will appear to you; for when you know that I have imposed myself upon Lady Dunore as your wife——"

"My wife!" he exclaimed, starting with the look of one thunder-stricken.

"Yes, your wife," and she laughed, but coloured deeply, and turned pale in the succeeding moment. "In a word, I have assumed the story of Florence

Macarthy; have persuaded Lady Dunore that I have found my renegade husband in her circle, without being recognized by him; for with a little dramatic license, such as being much changed in my person, having only been dimly seen through the shade of a Spanish mantillo by my unknown bridegroom, with all those combinations which might have existed in the instance of Florence Macarthy, nay, which *did*, according to her own account, I have imposed on her by facts extraordinary beyond the utmost daring of fiction; as the events of real life always exceed the power of invention. Her object is that I shall win this cold insensible husband as Lady Clancaire, whom, as Florence Macarthy, I could not secure. While engaged in the perpetration of this scheme she is wholly in my power. But if you really should fall in love with me, General Fitzwalter," she

added playfully, "it would be the ruin of all my plans, by curtailing the time necessary for its accomplishment; that is, if you betray your unhappy passion;—for a married man, the husband of my own, dear, long suffering Florence, must be unhappy, you know, for the sake of the *moral* of poetical justice."

General Fitzwalter, stunned in the first instance, continued to listen to her with increased emotion; but when he would have spoken, she interrupted him, and continued :

"I am playing a desperate card: I have set my all upon the chance. I am actuated by the two strongest passions of which a woman's heart is capable. They have each their object. One has already almost succeeded; the other—." She pressed her hand upon her heart, as if to check the violence of its throb, suddenly awakened by some singular association. At that moment

her quick eye discovered some person moving slowly under the stone fence which separated the heath on which they were walking from a car road; but the figure instantly disappeared, and the deep cuts in the bog in the other side the road favoured concealment, if that were an object.

"We are observed," said Lady Clancare, anxiously: "no retirement here is sacred from observation. There are two parties in this country in a continual state of espionage on each other, the oppressor and the oppressed. Communications are conveyed from remote extremities with inconceivable rapidity. I suppose you are aware that you are an object of suspicion and of attention to Mr. Crawley?"

"What, now?" said Fitzwalter: "why should you suppose it?"

"I know it. Many respectable, but timid persons in the neighbourhood,

observing your residence in the country, without any ostensible object or occupation, are anxious to have you removed, even although you are received at Dunore, the ordinary criterion of all worth and distinction. Your reception there is attributed to the predilection of Lord Adelm, whose half genius, half mania, whose mixture of poetry and paradox, has simply set him down with these good loyal people as a *jacobin outré*, not to mention his conduct about the election, and the speeches he made to his committee."

General Fitzwalter listened with that half-least attention which accompanies pre-occupation of mind on other more interesting subjects.

"Lord Adelm," he observed, after a pause, "is one whose virtues are overshadowed by his follies. He is noble, just, generous, and disinterested."

"Vain, capricious, fanciful, and heartless," she added.

“And yet,” said General Fitzwalter, turning abruptly his eyes on Lady Clancare, “he is the star that holds the ascendant, that governs the conduct of one, who otherwise seems above all human control. Lady Clancare,” he added, rapidly, “I have now not the slightest doubt that he is the object of what you have yourself termed *your machinations*, of the part you are playing, and of the agency so ingeniously, whimsically, and singularly conducted; so singularly conducted, that it cannot be surprising, with his heated imagination, and unregulated fancy, he should ascribe it to superhuman influence. All that you have so candidly confessed deepens and confirms this suspicion; and that he is the object of the passions by which you are actuated, the strongest of which a woman’s heart is susceptible.”

Lady Clancare interrupted him: “May I beg your assistance,” she said, offer-

ing him her hand, for they had now reached a stile, at which her cabriolet stood, attended by a boy. Then seating herself, and taking the reins and whip, she turned her laughing eyes full round on Fitzwalter, and nodding her head significantly, she said, "*Le tems et moi*," and drove off.

Fitzwalter stood transfixed to the spot on which Lady Clancare had left him: his eye still followed the rustic carriage that conveyed her, till it descended into the glen she had pointed out to his notice, and was lost in its windings. He then turned shortly round to mount his horse, and came abruptly in contact with some person who stood close behind him. It was O'Leary. There was a shrewd, sly glance, lurking in the old man's eyes, mingled with the surprise and pleasure expressed at the general's appearance, which did not escape him at whom it

was levelled. He coloured slightly, and said, with some coldness, "So, O'Leary."

"Agus cead mille faltra, your honor," said O'Leary, moving his hat: "ten thousand welcomes, and ten million welcomes home, and hopes the Gougane Barra plazed you, Sir, and Father O'Mahonny's hermitage."

Fitzwalter was never less in a mood to withstand the annoyance of unseasonable intrusion. His thoughts were deeply occupied, and beyond the power of interest or distraction from any other subject. The presence of O'Leary, and the peculiar and significant expression of his countenance, embarrassed and provoked him. He mounted his horse in silence; but the tremulous and boggy surface he was treading obliged him to walk the spirited animal slowly and cautiously over the irregular and undulating turf. O'Leary

walked beside him for a few minutes in silence, raising his eyes at intervals to his face, with an affectionate and apprehensive look, as one who feared to have offended; at last, with a deep sigh, he said,

"I'm afraid I'm not agreeable to your honor."

"It is certain, O'Leary," said the general, with a petulance of temper he could not command, "that you do not leave me many moments to myself."

"Don't I, gineral, jewel?" said O'Leary sorrowfully. "Then arnt it quite *natral*, that where the heart is, there will the body be also; troth it will."

"But, my dear O'Leary," said the general, in a voice of kindness, "you must be aware that there are moments when the presence of the dearest friend may be felt as intrusion."

"His dear O'Leary!" murmured the schoolmaster to himself. "Why, then,

see here, gineral, jewel, sorrow bit but I'd throw myself from the top of Mangerton, afore I'd be a burthen to you, dead or alive; and axes nothing better in life than just to sarve you by day and by night, and to be looking in your face, when your back's turned, not to be unplazing to you; and wasn't thinking of you at all, at all, only wondering when you'd be back; and was going on an errand to the Bhan Tierna from Father Mulligan, about his dues, owed to him by a poor family on Clotnotty-joy, that hadn't a scrubal nor a crass to buy a *station*;* and heard from little Ulic Macshane, her boy, who was leading round the cabriole by the bog road, that she was here convenient at Larry Toole's cabin, a fever house," (and he crossed himself).

* In remote districts, where the Catholic chapel is at a considerable distance, the priest performs service in some poor man's cabin. This ceremony is termed a *station*.

"And here is the items I set down of Father Mulligan's dues, your honor, if you don't give credit to me."

As he spoke, O'Leary presented the general a bit of dirty paper, on which was written

Shane Gartley, to the Rev. Patrick Mulligan, Dr.

	s.	d.
To two Confessions	2	3
To one Christening	1	8
To Sundries,	1	6
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	5	4 ⁰

"I should like to know what these devotional *sundries* were," said the general, returning this account, furnished for salvation.

"Och! I'll ingage there was value received," said O'Leary; "and many a sore trot the priest had, by day and

* See Young's Tour. Their priest's dues form the smallest portion of the religious taxes paid by these poor people.

night, over bog, and moor, and mountain, for their sowl's savetie, and to earn that trifle. But trifle as it is, Shane Gartly wasn't able for it, in respect of great sickness, and none to get in his potatoes for him, and he on the broad of his back, only just for the Bhan Tierna, the blessing of God and the Virgin Mary light on her, every day she sees the sun. When she got Clotnotty-joy into her hands, it was a desolate neglected place, with only a little handful of cattle grazing on it in the autumn time. The first ever she settled on it was this Shane Gartly, whom she found big, bare, and ragged, walking the world* with a wife and four childre, and a blanket and kettle: and says she, if you'll settle down here, my lad, and labour, I'll give you a taste of land to

* Walking the world, is wandering without a settled habitation.

be your's for ever, and help you to raise a shed, and lend you three pounds to stock and begin the world with; and so she did. Under God, and her ladyship, Shane was doing bravely, and many a one followed his example, and Christians were seen now, where only bastes thriv before; but,

*Haud facile emergunt quorum virtutibus obstat,
Res angusta domi,*

as the Roman poet sayeth, and it's true for him, for with all the labour and pains and industry of the craturs, let them work night and day, and let them have never such good friends to back them, its hard for them to get before the world: and then if any accident happens, if the cow dies, or the rood of barley fails, its the greatest of distress that comes over them, and so it was with Shane, when the hard summer and the fever overtook him. But I'll

ingage with God and the Bhan Tierna on his side, he'll fight it on yet."

"From your account, O'Leary," said the general, interested in a conversation that took for its topic the object which exclusively ingrossed him—"from your account, Lady Clancare is the tutelar genius of the soil and its inhabitants."

"Why then its just that she is, the lares and the penates of the poor man's cabin, long life to her; and if there were many of the likes of her, plaze your honor, who would be after staying at home with us; why then the reformed and civil sort would be cherished, and the poor and the ignorant would be instructed and well exampled; and sorrow one of us would be beholding to them Crawley pirates, bad luck to them, and their likes, who, by polling and pilling the poor to make good their own fortunes, and carrying on many fake and cautelous practices, ruin the

land, like the escheators, and undertakers, and grantees of Elizabeth's, and Charles's, and James's days. For its all one in Ireland, gineral, dear, oudd times or new: the men changes, but the measures never: and so, if your honor don't believe me, being myself Irish mere, and thinks me a party man, only look in a taste to the *Desiderata curiosa Hebernica*, and then see the *Declaration*, anno 1560, secundo Eliz. and see Lee's brief declaration of the Irish government, opening many corruptions in the same, discovering the discords of the Irishry, and the causes moving those troubles, anno Regni Reginæ 37; and if that won't contint your lordship, being English by descent, and of Norman blood, why then dip into the English lords' remonstrances and appeals, see the "*Humble Apology of the Lords, Knights, Gentlemen, and other inhabitants of the English*

Pale, for taking up arms in their own defence, 1641; and Curry's Civil Wars. Och! Musha! it was all the same, English or Irish, Catholic, Protestant, or Presbyterian, when once their hearts warmed to the soil, and their spirits rose in its defence; then they were marked men, and sowld. But though they send strangers to rule us, strangers I mane to our history, our natures, and our ways, that neither know, nor read, nor study us, and though, as Sir Henry Sydney said to the Queen, they pound us as in a mortar: though they perish us with want, and burn us with fire, still the Irish spirit is to the fore; and until the sword of extermination passes over us, as was once proposed, it is not in the breath of the English to blow it out, or extinguish it."*

"I doubt, however, the existence of this *Irish spirit*," returned the general,

* See Note (1) at the end of the volume.

gratified to observe that the mind of O'Leary was becoming hourly more collected, as the cause of its derangement was removed. "The result of this misrule and oppression of ages, of this religious disqualification, of this arraying one-half the people against the other, by fanaticism and jealousy, is to extinguish what you call *Irish spirit*; by which, assuredly, you do not mean the spirit of idle unfounded discontent."

"Unfounded!! Baehal Essu!" interrupted O'Leary, vehemently: "when could Elizabeth herself said of the government of Ireland, it will be objected to us, as to Tiberius by Bato, concerning the Dalmatians, 'you it is that be in fault, who commit your flocks, not to shepherds, but to wolves.' Unfounded! when three-fourths of the people are, as it were, branded on the forehead, like the descendants of Cain, and wandering in foreign lands, because

they profess the faith of their forefathers. For, as I said to Lord Adelm Fitzadelm when he scoffed at Butler's Lives of the Saints this morning, when I found him seated his lone in your chamber, gineral, and the blessed and holy book in his hands——"

"Lord Adelm! was he at the Friary to-day?"

"He was, gineral, and yesterday — and did not much like his turning espial on you, like Jemmy Bryan, who watches your very shadow."

"Indeed! But did Lord Adelm leave no message for me?"

"None in life, plaze your honor. Only hearing you might be expected this morning, sat him down, and took up Fra Dennis O'Sullivan's books, one by one, and held a disputation with me, wherein he shewed more wit thar faith, until Madam Florence Macarthy's handkerchief caught his eye, ying on

the table, where you left it, gineral, and forthwith he put me on my trial."

"What do you mean by that?" asked the general, impatiently.

"Crass examining me all about it, gineral, how it came there, and marvelling that it should belong to Madam Macarthy, and she not in it."

"And did he take it away?"

"No, plaze your honor, gineral, he did nat; and minded me of the honourable Gerald with his curling auburn hair, and toss back of the head, as if the world was made to be his slaves,—the very moral of the father of him; a great calabalero * in his time."

At this moment, a turn in the path brought them upon the high road to Dunore, by a causeway formed over a bog dike by branches of trees and sods of turf: and Lord Adelm himself ap-

* Quere, cavalier.

peared, followed by a groom, and rode up to them. He looked somewhat confused, as if the rencontre was neither pleasant nor expected. It was, however, inevitable, and he drew up as the general approached him. To his abrupt inquiry of whither Lord Adelm was going, he replied, carelessly,

“ To follow your example : change the scene for a day or two, get rid of time, myself, and of the society with which I have, for my sins, been for some days shut up ; in a word, *promener mes ennuis ailleurs.* ”

The general threw his eyes over the valize strapped behind the groom ; and Lord Adelm, as if to avoid all further interrogation, came close to him, and continued, in a low voice,—

“ I congratulate you on your escape these few days back. Those who were fools before, are now mad, stark-staring mad ; bitten by Rosbrin, and that artful

little adventuress, Lady Clancare, who has now brought them all round to her side, even Lady Georgina and Lord Frederick, and who is taking the short cut to Rosbrin's heart, by flattering his stage-struck vanity."

"Lady Clancare!--adventuress!--Lord Rosbrin's heart!" repeated Fitzwalter, breathlessly.

"Did you not observe it the other night, when she *debuted* in that way, that he was the Prometheus that awakened the statue? that it was for him she kindled, sparkled, and blazed forth? All her words were addressed to him, and all her dramatic airs and citations, and setting my mother afloat, on the article of private theatricals, her flippant cast of the characters of Comus, her assigning the daudling parts of the prosing brothers to us, and giving the hero to him; all go to the same tune of

Kilrosbrin, and the great house in Portman Square."

"I perceived her *kindling*, as you call it; but that Lord Rosbrin was her inspiration, 'tis preposterous to suppose."

"Why had she ears or eyes but for him?"

"She certainly did not do the honours by your self-love, or by mine, for she noticed neither," said Fitzwalter, endeavouring to smile through the air of thoughtfulness which had taken possession of his features.

"Yes," said Lord Adelm, biting his lips: "as she tied up Rosbrin's leg I heard her call us '*the two gentlemen of Verona*;' and the fool laughed as if she had said the cleverest things in the world: the sobriquet too has stuck to us ever since; for when you were missed you were inquired for by the title of '*Sweet Valentine*;' and I was addressed

as '*Gentle Proteus*.' You will find them all in the paroxysm of the dramatic mania at Dunore, at least they have been so these four days; and Lady Clancare will keep up the epidemic till she is secure of exchanging her castle of Ballydab for the mansion of Kilrosbrin, while to those who do not see, *dessous les cartes*, she is merely *prima donna* of the troop:" so saying, he galloped off, followed by his groom, who had been talking to O'Leary; and the general, as one who had undergone a sudden revulsion of ideas and feelings, heaved a deep sigh, and continued his route to the Friary.

By a few indirect questions he discovered that O'Leary had given Lord Adelm sufficient notices on the proprietorship of the handkerchief to induce him to learn the address, situation, and story of its supposed owner; and he entertained no doubt that his friend

was now engaged in a pursuit of errantry, in the supposition of having discovered the unknown spell which had governed his recent life. But nothing could come of nothing. If Lady Clancare, the frank, though mysterious, unaccountable, incomprehensible, Lady Clancare, could be depended upon, the devotion of Florence Macarthy to himself, ideal and romantic as it appeared, would sufficiently frustrate the hopes of Lord Adelm, whether they sprang from vengeance or from love. If, however, contrary to all expectation, prepossession yielded to ambition, he would himself stand released from an engagement to which honour alone now bound him. In either case the pursuit and absence of Lord Adelm boded him no ill; it was, indeed, a subject dwelt upon but for a moment, and rapidly forgotten, for one which gradually possessed itself of his mind with an uncontrollable influence.

Lady Clancare's views on Lord Rosbrin, as detailed to him by Lord Adelm, he could neither credit nor disbelieve, for he had not yet been a witness of the operations upon which Lord Adelm's inferences were founded. He saw at once, that like all vain persons, Fitzadelm was easily piqued by the semblance of neglect, even in women, who neither interested nor attracted him; and that his suspicions might have originated in the discolouring source of wounded self-love. He resolved, therefore, to judge for himself; and for this purpose once more join the circle at Dunore, painful as it was, to become involved in Lady Clancare's strange intrigue, and to support the character assumed by her direction.

An object of romantic fondness to one woman, to whom he was perfectly unattached, and of indifference to another to

whom he was ardently devoted, bound by ties of honour to the one, and by consequence, to avoid all intercourse with the other; his position new, singular, and uncalculable, left him no thought for any other subject of reflection. In the conflict of passions and principles, thus opposite and contradictory, and wrapped in reverie, he was still seated before the untasted dinner which O'Leary had provided for him, when a note from Lady Clancare increased the pulsation of his heart, and propelled the blood with a violence that induced O'Leary to observe, as he stood watching him:

"No bad news, I hope, gineral, Sir? It was a bit of a gassoon, give old Morraigh that missive, your honor, while I was attending on you, Sir; and hope the Crawleys have no hand in it. Devil speed the whole *kish* of them, I pray Jasus!"

"Inquire if the messenger waits," said Fitzwalter; and when O'Leary had left the room he re-perused the note, already hastily read. It ran as follows :

"General Fitzwalter's letter has been received and acknowledged. The struggle of contending feelings prevents an immediate decision; and an interval for reflection is consequently required. Love and pride, hope and fear, are all at variance. Meantime it is expected General F. will not present himself at the Convent of the Annunciation without special invitation. Should Lady Clancare have the honour of meeting General Fitzwalter this evening at Dunore Castle, she may find some moment, *à la derobée*, for being more explicit."

*Castle Macarthy,
Monday, Six o'Clock.*

In the calendar of love, the moment of receiving the first line traced by the

object of adoration is a memorable epoch. It is a festival of the heart, always commemorated with transport so long as that object holds its empire. The hand-writing of Lady Clancare, the paper folded by her, fluttered the pulse of him to whom it was addressed, and for a moment even the nature of the communication was forgotten. When at last reverted to, the contents of the note came like a reprieve: he believed that there was now a necessity for remaining where he was, to receive the sentence by which he was resolved to abide. He had arisen from the table, and was about to replace the note in its envelope, when the seal caught his attention; its motto was

“ Sou útil ainda que brincando.”

CHAPTER III.

Su, svegliatevi da bravi,
Su, coraggio o buona gente.
Vogliam star allegramente
Vogliam ridere e scherzar.

1L DON GIOVANNI.

I know you all—and will awhile uphold
The unyok'd humour of your idleness.

SHAKESPEARE.

IN the brief sketch which Lord Adelm had made of the social economy of the castle of Dunore, he had scarcely exaggerated the epidemic influence of the reigning folly of the day. The dramatic mania which had seized the marchioness, indirectly or directly, favoured the views, interests, or vanity, of every member of her

circle. It broke through the spell of that all pervading demon, ennui, and provided that something to do or to discuss, so essential to those who are habitually dependent upon external circumstances for occupation and interest, and who, from their elevated position in society, are unpractised in the exercise of their own resources. It removed likewise the prying eye of concentrated observation from those who wished to elude its glances; and by opening the door to strangers, it enlarged a circle whose members had long become weary of each other. Even Conway Crawley and his aunt, the only persons of that family then at the castle, found their account in an event, which afforded to the poetical vanity of one an opportunity of writing an opening address, while it left him a more undisputed management of the Glannaerine election, in which Lord

Adelm took no interest; and to the other it held out means of operating the conversion of Lady Dunore, which overcame her conscientious aversion to theatricals, private or public, and reconciled her to the sin as the instrument of contingent good. It is a dogma of the sect to which Miss Crawley belonged, that the deeper the sinner, the greater the saint;—that there is a necessary probation of iniquity to qualify for the expected grace, and to render the dispensing power of mercy the more manifest upon earth. In Miss Crawley's eyes private theatricals now stood high in the calendar of offences; and according to her system of *regular pour mieux sauter*, she was satisfied that in proportion as Lady Dunore risked the little *virtue* time and the world had left her, she would more perfectly fit herself for that state, in which the “*nothingness* of good works” is but as a sounding brass and tinkling cym-

bal. Meantime her own little frippery tastes and paste-board talents had ample scope in planning decorations for the proscenium of the new theatre, in assisting Lord Rosbrin in the getting up of stage *properties*, and in suggesting devices and mottos to ornament the frontispiece. She disapproved, it is true, and spoke against the whole business with edifying eloquence; but she seized not the less willingly the scissars and the pencil at the command of Lady Dunore, domineering over the dress-makers of the theatrical wardrobe, as over the sempstresses of the cheap repository, dictating to machinists as she had done to Neophytes; and flattering herself that she was forming a balance to the preponderating influence of Lady Clancare, who had so nearly turned the vacillating scale of her patroness's favour against her.

From the night of the first dramatic

discussion, every circumstance and subject had yielded to the important interests of the private theatricals. Expresses were despatched by Lord Rosbrin for the histrionic amateurs in the neighbourhood of Kilrosbrin, whom he had drilled to the exercise of the art; dress-makers, mechanists, and carpenters, arrived with incredible rapidity; and the few English and Irish families of rank resident in the country were invited to the castle, and readily obeyed the summons.

The difficulties, obstacles, and contrarieties, which were to be overcome or reconciled, made up the whole charm of the arrangement to Lady Dunore, who, in her capacity of manageress, had to contend with that inordinate vanity, that overweening *amour propre*, usually attributed to actors, public or private, which, though it wearied, fatigued, and fevered her, was not less a source of gratification than of annoyance.

It was in vain that plays were selected, proportionate to what Lord Rosbrin technically called "*the strength of the company*," and that parts were judiciously cast, according to the talents of the respective actors.

The corps dramatique of Dunore was a company of first-rates; all stars, all chiefs, either of the sock or buskin, or of both: none were subalterns; and, with a profusion of supernumerary Roméos and Doricourts, Macbeths and Macheaths, there were none to take the inferior characters.

A young lady from Cork, introduced by Miss Crawley, an Irish *gentlewoman bred and born*, but who was soon to come forward on the Dublin boards, and by the stamp of *private* opinion, was already superior to the Barries and Siddonses of other times, took possession at once of the tragic heroines, with a spirit of monopoly that was not without opposition. Not content with the

natural importance of Desdemona, she refused to perform the part, unless she was allowed to double it with some of the best speeches of Othello. To this, the Othello (Lord Rosbrin) solemnly objected, declaring, that so far from giving up the *ghost of a letter* of his own part, he meant to restore to it some lines from the part of Iago, according to an old edition, of which no one had heard but himself. Iago's resistance to this *restoration* was unvanquishable; and he conceived that his own *scenes* stood so little prominent, that he proposed ekeing it out with the best speeches of Zanga, in the tragedy of the Revenge.

Contentions ran so high on the subject of Othello, that at last it was laid aside, and three tragedies were placed in the stock list, in which each of the tragedians were in turn to play the principal part, and ingross exclusively the attention of the audience.

Lady Dunore, meanwhile, far from reconciling these dramatic disputes, endeavoured by every species of *tracasserie* to nourish and perpetuate them.

Alternately chosen by the contending parties as referee and umpire in these "fierce vanities," she became the very genius of discord; and before the first rehearsal, one half the company had sent the other to Coventry, and held no communication, but in their assumed characters of heroes and heroines.

In this floating capital of vanity and exhibition, the largest portion of stock seemed to have been contributed by Lady Clancare. The first line in comedy had been assigned to her by Lord Rosbrin; and the oddity, whim, and originality, with which she delivered certain passages in the *Rosalinds*, *Beatrices* and *Roxalanas*, whether they were or were not true to the author's conception, obtained universal admiration.

A countenance, whose extraordinary mobility was susceptible of every expression, a certain sly simple solemnity of look and air, which possessed itself of every feature, and ranged every muscle on the side of humour, and a taste for mimicry, with a keen sensibility to absurdity, naturally capacitated her for being a good comic actress.

The influence, however, which she had obtained, was not exclusively through her histrionic talent. She had made herself necessary to the amusement of those so difficult to amuse, and she consequently assumed an overweening importance, which never fails to succeed with indolence or mediocrity in all ranks. She now affected to consider acting as the first of talents: she spoke, as if a great tragedian or comedian, male or female, was of more consequence to society than the philosopher who instructs, the genius who en-

lightens, or the artist who improves it: and she, who as an author, an inventor, or an originator, as one who took life and nature for her guides, rejecting conventional rules and assumed tastes, had appeared in this bon-ton circle, modest, nervous, timid, and unpretending; now, in her newly assumed character of an actress, an imitator, a detailer of other person's ideas, became imposing, self-sufficient, and inconsequent; taking, without hesitation, the place which the new prepossessions of the frivolous society in which she lived had assigned her, and giving that boundless fling to whim and caprice, in which the *spoiled* of every class indulge, at the expense of those who make them what they are. Always surprising or disappointing, she set calculation at defiance; and the certainty that the corps dramatique could not do without her, rendered them submissive to all her oddities.

She still refused to sleep at Dunore; and a carriage, horses, and servants, were kept in continued requisition to go between that mansion and Castle Macarthy, a journey which they performed a dozen times a-day. Not unfrequently she was superintending her turf clamps, while her Solyman the magnificent fretted his hour upon the stage in expectation of his Sultana, or was busied with literary composition, or in getting in her potatoes, while Orlando stood in the forest of Arden in vain attendance on his whimsical Rosalind: but while she thus illtreated her *co-partners*, for authors she had no mercy. Seemingly occupied with the idea that she alone could amuse or interest the audience, her efforts to stand supereminently forward, to secure the leading points, and 'clap traps,' as Lord Rosbrin called them, were incessant and extravagant. She cut, interpolated, subjoined, trans-

posed, and changed the text of her part, until scarcely an original intention of the mangled author remained: and in this sacrifice to her monopolizing ambition, Shakespeare and O'Keefe, Ben Jonson, and Moreton, the author of the day, or the poet of ages, were treated with equal severity, or rather with equal indifference. Still, however, dissatisfied with all she could effect by efforts, naturally opposed by the contending selfishness of rival candidates, she finally resolved (and her versatile talents forwarded the intention) to write a monologue for herself, in which, uniting various characters, she would alone occupy the stage and the audience. The sketch she gave of her interlude, then new and original, met with general approbation. Even the literary talent expended upon its composition was forgiven, in favour of the more highly prized ability which was

requisite to enact it: and they, who would have scarcely inquired the name of the person who produced the clever thing, were wild in praise of the actress who only realized the conceptions.

"But, good heavens! my dear Lady Clancare," observed the Marchioness, as Lady Clancare, the centre of a circle of listeners, concluded the reading of the rough sketch of her monologue; "why don't you write plays instead of those romantic tales about your own country, which every body reads, and nobody believe?"

"Aye, why indeed?" said Lord Rosbrin.

"Because," replied Lady Clancare, "if I wrote plays, I am afraid I must draw characters."

"To be sure," said Lady Dunore; "and what then? Is there anything so delightful as characters?"

"Provided they *resemble nobody*," said Lady Clancare.

"How do you mean?" asked the Marchioness.

"Simply, that should I ever abandon my high strain of romance by the advice and supplication of my dear friends, *les belles et bonnes dames de par le monde*, and hold the mirror up to life you would all fancy you detected in it your own reflection, and each

'Would cry, that was levelled at me.'

"Certainly," said Lady Georgina, "if one saw one's self shewn up, one would feel and resent it, and so too I hope would all one's friends, at least I should expect it."

"But what is the *genre* of character," said Lady Clancare, "which, if in true keeping to life and manners, should not be found to resemble any body? There is no *beau ideal* in human life: combine qualities as you may, to the very verge of extravagance, the world will furnish models, trace like-

nesses, and assign originals—let your conceptions be as general as they can—paint classes and describe genera:—classes and genera are still made up of individuals; and even vanity will find out resemblances where satire could not trace similitude. There, indeed, my patience quite fails me. Conscious vice, conscious absurdity, and apprehensive eccentricity, when combined with masculine energies and decided volitions, may be excused for indulging in such fanciful appropriations; but that the walking no-characters of every-day life, the dear, dull,

‘ Unfinish’d things one knows not what to
call,
Their generation’s so equivocal,’

should imagine themselves fit subjects for indignant reprehension or sportive caricature, and live in fear of authors, lest they should *put them in their books!*—*put them* in our books! who then would read us? or who would review us?

Which of the worthy *we's*, the *weekly*, the *monthly*, the *quarterly* drudges, would 'let loose their dogs of war' on works safe from the world's notice and applause.—No, *they* war not with dullness and the dead; it is living, buoyant, and, above all, prosperous merit, animates their zeal; and their malice is worth courting: for, next to the spontaneous burst of public applause, an author's ambition should be the unqualified, unmanly, ungentlemanlike attacks of some party, hired anonymous reviewer. I speak with warmth, for I speak from experience. I have not the vanity to think you have all read me, '*pour les beaux yeux de mon mérite.*' No, I have been lashed into note by these '*wasp-stung and impatient critics:*' their attacks have been patronage, their malice kindness; and it must be allowed they have been

'Very, very, very kind indeed.'

"But why write at all?" exclaimed

Lord Rosbrin, who was now considered as the professed admirer of Lady Clancare, and who took an interest in all she said or did.

"Simply," she replied with naïveté, "to live—you may perhaps add, *quelle nécessité*: and, perhaps also," she added significantly, "you are right."

"No," answered Lord Rosbrin, "I should reply no such thing. I would have you live to be the first actress of the day; which you would, should you ever be tempted to go on the stage."

"One never did see a peeress on the stage," said Lady Dunore, delighted with the new idea—"it would be quite curious, charming."

"So it would," said Lady Clancare, as if suddenly struck with the proposal, and inclined to adopt it.

"You would have made the first actress in the world," continued Lord

Rosbrin, "and, perhaps, would net ten or twenty thousand pounds in a year or two."

"More than you could make in a long life by writing," observed Lady Dunore, "the best book that ever was read."

"A great deal more," replied Lady Clancare.

"Besides," continued Lord Rosbrin, "so far from derogating from your rank, it would probably promote it.—The green-room is now the shortest road to the red bench."

"Exactly so," replied Lady Clancare.

"And many English peers," continued Lord Rosbrin, with meaning in his looks, "who would not think of you as a gentlewoman, or a genius, would be happy to lay their honours and their fortunes at your feet, as a celebrated and popular actress."

"*On peut se rapporter à vous par exemple,*" said Lord Frederick.

"Then," said Lady Dunore, "you would be so much more *fêtée* as an actress than as a genius."

"Besides," said Lord Rosbrin, "who cares when an author dies?"

"Nobody," said Lady Clancare, shaking her head.

"What is there in the death of twenty celebrated writers to the solemnity of one great tragedian taking leave of the stage? Handkerchiefs streaming, eyes winking, sobs heaving, laurels flying, awful pauses, broken sentences, and hysterical screams. I'd rather be a great actor taking leave of the stage than die the greatest hero of the age. Then when you do die," continued Lord Rosbrin, heated by his subject, "what honours await you! dukes hold the pall, earls chief mourners, dead march in Saul, monument in West-

minster, dust mingled with kings and conquerors."

Here a sort of Irish howl, bursting from the lips of Lady Clancare, produced a shout of laughter from all present, save Lord Rosbrin, to whom she replied, shaking her head, and wiping her tearless eyes—"No, never did I think I should weep so much at my own funeral; for I am now determined to adopt your lordship's advice, and, like other *dramatis personæ*, 'to that complexion must I come at last.'"

"Then," said Lord Rosbrin, "I promise you complete success," and he added, in a low whisper, "more than that."

"In that case," said Mr. Pottinger (who, since Lady Clancare's popularity with the *people of quality*, had taken her into special consideration), "in that case I fear your ladyship cannot go to the castle, that is, on public days.

You could not well take your place on the red bench as an actress, although you are a peeress."

"That, indeed," said Lady Clancare, as if suddenly struck with the mortifying conviction, "that makes all the difference."

"But," said Lord Rosbrin, "in that case you will not come to Ireland, except as a star, in the after season, when Covent Garden is shut; and I'll answer for it, the vice-regals will be enchanted to give you *les petites entrées* at the Phoenix. I remember when the arrival of an Italian opera singer in Dublin turned the heads of the court, and of all the officials, major and minor. Imagine then how another Farren, another Abingdon, would be received."

"I wish, Lady Clancare," said Lady Georgina, with her usual supercilious high-dame-of-quality air, "I wish you would *raconter* a little of your history:

I dare say it would be very amusing and odd."

"*A mourir de plaisir*, no doubt," said Lord Frederick, raising his glass to her face.

"No," said Lady Clancare, conceitedly throwing herself into an arm chair, "I am not equal to details to-night: besides, should my story be serious, you would yawn over it; should it be romantic, you would quiz it; if philosophical, you would not understand it; if common-place, you would abuse it; if extraordinary, you would doubt it. Now it happens to be all this, and I should thus unite every species of criticism against me."

"I have not a doubt," said Lord Rosbrin, "that your life would be quite as amusing as George Anne Bellamy's apology, or Mrs. Baddely's memoirs."

"And as edifying too?" asked Lady Clancare. "But I appeal to Lady Du-

nore, if it be possible for me to reveal all the circumstances of my life?"

"By no means," said Lady Dunore, with a mysterious air, and throwing her eyes to that part of the room where General Fitzwalter stood, and she instantly gave the conversation another turn.

After a short struggle, Fitzwalter had yielded to the temptation of Lady Clancare's indirect appointment, and had joined the evening circle at Dunore, where he was received with courtesy by the marchioness, but with indifference by all the rest. Mr. Daly, the only person capable of appreciating him, had departed; driven away by the noise, confusion, and discomfort, the bustle and contentions of the private theatricals. The little society that had been enjoyed at Dunore Castle was now quite broken up; conversation was at an end; and even cards and billiards

were suspended, the whole intercourse being confined to criticisms on the drama, compliments between the actors on their respective merits, or complaints of rival monopolists: for, as Touchstone says, they "*quarrelled in print by the book; and retorts courteous, quips modest, replies churlish, reproofs valiant, and counter-checks quarrelsome,*" were echoed and re-echoed in every quarter.

The hope which had led General Fitzwalter to the castle was wholly frustrated. Lady Clancare had afforded him no opportunity of addressing her. On entering the saloon he beheld her the *primum mobile* of the circle which surrounded her. During the evening she scarcely noticed him by a look; and when she retired, which she did early, Lord Rosbrin led her to the carriage, and took her willing hand, with the air of Henry the Eighth handing out Anne Bulleyn at Cardinal Wolsey's

banquet, and murmuring as they passed Fitzwalter,

"The fairest hand I ever touched. Oh, beauty, Till now I never knew thee."

While she, humouring his folly, replied:

"I do not know

What kind of my obedience I should tender,
More, than my all is nothing.

Beseech your lordship, &c. &c."

The words were lost as she disappeared; and a conviction of the truth of Lord Adelm's observation struck forcibly on Fitzwalter's mind. He turned away in indignant irritation, while Lady Dunore, with her eyes fixed expressively on his, observed:

"Is not Lady Clancare an excellent actress?"

"Excellent!" he replied, in a tone of ironical significance.

“Lord Rosbrin is amazingly in love with her,” added Lady Dunore, emphatically.

“It is a proof of his taste,” replied the general, coldly.

“What do you think of her?” demanded Lady Dunore, with an inquisitorial look.

Aware of the object of all these remarks and questions, General Fitzwalter felt confused, and indignant at the strange situation into which Lady Clancare’s embroglio had thrown him. Lady Dunore evidently enjoyed his confusion; but without reiterating the question, added, “she is extremely clever, but by no means does the honours by her own talents; and until we hit on these delightful theatricals, had no success whatever with my set. Since then, she has come out wonderfully. She is the most delightful Beatrice I ever saw, and capable of making a benedict of

the most obdurate wife hater." With these words, uttered with a mysterious air, she fluttered away, and joined in a conversation in another part of the room.

General Fitzwalter, governed by passions, over which neither reason nor will held any influence, found himself for two or three successive evenings in the saloon of the castle, a spectator rather than a member of its society, where there were none to communicate with him since the absence of Mr. Daly and of Lord Fitzadelm. His visits, however, were apparitions. He came and disappeared abruptly, as if in search of some object never obtained, yet still pursued. His character was more than usually energized; and though he commonly stood wrapped in silent but acute observation, in sullen and marked abstraction, yet he occasionally came forward in conversation, with a boldness

and originality, that chequered the monotonous flow of some modish opinion, and startled common-place remark from its wonted track. His first appearance at Dunore as a guerilla chief insured him that species of favourable reception, given equally to learned pigs, and French conjurers, Esquimeaux warriors, and Irish giants: but first prepossessions faded away in proportion as it became known that he was engaged in a cause wholly inimical to the sentiments of the greater part of Lady Dunore's circle, who took their opinions from graver parrots than themselves. Upon the subject of public affairs they held no discussion; and the manner and matter of his conversation were equally out of their beaten track; for the law of *bon-ton* enforced the necessity of never being energetic upon any subject, of never deserting that half dead-alive suavity which simpers its

flat medium between pleasure and pain, the gentlemanlike and melancholy habit of *ennui* and self-sufficiency. On subjects of lighter moment there was still no reciprocity, for he was ignorant of the philosophy of dandyism, unpractised in the cold routine of fashionable gallantry, and unstudied in the dull memoirs of fashionable characters. A patriot warrior combating for the rights of humanity, for the emancipation of a long debased and enslaved people, and opposing a bigotted, ferocious, and imbecile tyranny, he had upon the whole, after the first surprise occasioned by his abrupt and splendid appearance, become an object of somewhat less consequence than Thady Windham Crawley, with his peninsular honours, bivouacks, wigwams, and the Regent's levee.

The absence of Lord Adelm had been noticed by all, though not com-

mented upon by any. To his mother it was in fact a relief rather than a privation. To the other women he was cold and *brusque*; to the men, haughty and supercilious. He stood aloof from all; and his refined tastes, singular habits, and his powerful vanity, found no account in the private theatricals, which, as he neither could nor would take a part, he openly ridiculed with a wit and an asperity that could neither be rebutted nor retaliated. His immediate return (for the election drew near) was therefore expected with apprehension rather than hope; and his mother was not among the last to pray for its prorogation.

The night of the first representation was now arrived. The play of "As you like it" was to be performed; and a crowded audience, furnished from the guests of the castle and the neighbourhood of Dunore, had already assem-

bled, when a note from Lady Clancare, returned by the carriage which had been sent for her, informed the marchioness that she could not play Rosalind that night, and hinting that she had been seized with a typhus fever.

The confusion which this unexpected circumstance created was excessive. Persons had arrived from immense distances; expectation was at its height. The first music was over, and all was consternation. Lady Dunore stamped her feet and wrung her hands, as if the most dreadful affliction had befallen her: she abused Lady Clancare, as if her misfortune was her fault; and would have set off for Castle Macarthy, but for the apprehension of the infection, so long the object of her terror. In the midst of this dilemma Lord Rosbrin, already dressed for Orlando, proposed to undertake the part of Rosalind; while the *second Amoureux*, who

was to have performed Sylvius, should assume Orlando. The *second Amoureux* declared that Orlando was the part he had originally intended for himself, and that he was perfect in it. One of the foresters engaged to perform Sylvius, delighted to escape from the mortification of enacting a mute. Lord Rosbrin's proposed arrangement was accepted with transport by Lady Dunore. If he played the part with propriety, Lady Clancare would not be missed: if he did it ridiculously, her place would be still better supplied.

The place *was* still better supplied; and the shouts of laughter, which hailed the entrances and exits of Rosalind, were testimonies that the audience were satisfied and amused up to their bent. The play went off brilliantly: bravoes and archi-bravoes marked every speech; and the original Rosalind was left extended on her bed of sickness

without one thought of her situation, and given to instant oblivion. The disappointment she had occasioned Lady Dunore in the first instance had overthrown the frail structure of her prepossession at a blow; and the creature who could no longer amuse, no longer interested or lived in the memory of her *soi-disant* friends and admirers.

CHAPTER IV.

Stand not amaz'd—here is no remedy.

SHAKESPEARE.

I speak not this in estimation
As what I think might be, *but what I know*
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down,
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion which shall bring it on.

SHAKESPEARE.

LADY DUNORE, wearied and exhausted, was the last to quit the scene of festivity, and the most anxious to prolong it. She had presided at a splendid supper after the play, and had reluctantly bowed out her guests, and bestowed her usual *embrassades* on her

dear friend, Lady Georgina : she was now taking one lingering look at the silent and deserted theatre in her passage to her own apartment, when the sound of a footstep closely following her own, alarmed her, she knew not why. Without "casting a look behind," she was hastily ascending the stairs, when a voice called after her, "Aisy, aisy, my lady, if you plaze. I'd just beg a word with your ladyship *incornuto* for a moment."

At the well-known voice and accent of Darby Crawley, Lady Dunore turned round. "Good God!" she said, "Mr. Crawley, is it you? When did you arrive from Dublin? Were you at our play?—Conceive my not seeing you."

"I was not, my lady; but came here a few hours back, and has been lying—" he whispered—" *per dor* in Anne Clotworthy's room till the play was over, and the company gone, not

wishing to shew myself for *raisins* of state. Would your ladyship just turn in here for a moment, and grant me an hearing on very particular business?"

"Certainly," said Lady Dunore, following him into the dark spacious dining-room. Crawley shut the door cautiously, took the chamber candlestick out of Lady Dunore's hand, and placed it on a table; then drew forward a chair for her, and another for himself, picked up her ridicule, and presented it with a bow, and drawing his hand over his face, as if at a loss how to begin, he at last abruptly inquired,

"Does your ladyship know any thing of Lord Adelm Fitzadelm, for he is not here it seems?"

"Gracious heavens!" exclaimed Lady Dunore, suddenly alarmed: "if any thing has happened let me know it at once;" and she started from her chair.

“Where is Fitzadelm, and what do you know of him?”

“Nothing in life, I give you my honour, Lady Dunore; and wouldn’t keep you in suspince half a minute if I did: only just axed out of curiesity, if he’s at a distance; that’s all, I give you my honour.”

“I don’t know where he is,” said Lady Dunore, between the hope and the fear of having some cause for alarm and agitation:—“he is upon one of his wild rambles.”

“*Tom-Mew*, as the French says, Lady Dunore; for he has a mighty odd quick way with him, and isn’t always inclined to hear *raison*.”

“Nor I neither,” yawned his disappointed auditress. “At two in the morning, my dear Mr. Crawley! Surely your coming at so unseasonable an hour must have some extraordinary motive,” and she took up her candlestick.

“No ways extraordinary at all, at all, Madam; for such things happen every day; for what brings me here to your ladyship, masquerading at this hour of the night, is about a *hitch* in the election. I suppose Conway has tould your ladyship that the sheriff's precept for the election is issued, and the polling will begin to-morrow.”

“I believe he did; but really,” and she yawned again, “I have been so deeply engaged of late; and Fitzdelm's absence, and my dependence on you, and your son, and things, that I did not particularly think about it; but—”

“But,” continued Crawley, gently taking the light out of her hand, “he did not tell you, and how could he, and he never near Glannacrime this fortnight, that, contrary to our expectation, there will be a violent opposition; and that isn't no ways impossible but the

Dunore interest will be trodden down by those O'Mahonny whigs."

"Trodden down!" interrupted Lady Dunore, indignantly, and reseating herself—"The Dunore interest trodden down!"

"Except, in addition to the *thousands* already distributed, there is a couple of thousand pounds more, to carry on the war during the polling," added old Crawley, with some hesitation.

"And is that all?" asked Lady Dunore, languidly.

"All!" repeated Crawley, with a look of pleased surprise.

"Oh! if that does not *shoot* (suit) you, Ma'am, your ladyship may follow the bend of your generosity, and make it *double* or *quits*. But the *murthur* of it is, Lady Dunore, that after you have expended thousands upon thousands, and after Lord Adelm is elected, which he will be as sure as eggs is eggs, and no

thanks to them, it seems his opponent manes to petition against him in parliament, on the score of what they, the spalpeens, call his bribery and corruption, his *trates* and his presents, and other illegal practices to which he has had recourse; that's if you'll believe the likes of them, the rebelly thieves."

"Bribery and corruption! illegal practices! My son, Lord Adelm Fitzadelm guilty of this, Mr. Crawley," interrupted Lady Dunore, with a mingled expression of anger and surprise. "What does all this mean, Mr. Crawley?"

"Why it manes, my lady, plain enough, that in Ireland, as throughout the world, a little bribery goes a great way. The people, Ma'am, are used to it. It's the way of the place, time *in-memorial*, and will be evermore. The voters and freeholders, and corporation of Glannacrime, require a taste of a

dewshure as well as thejr betters, why wouldn't they; and nothing has been done here, that hasn't been done since the beginning of the *Europayan* world, at all elections; and would pass muster any where, only for them jacobin whigs, the O'Mahonneys, that are just ready like *drowned men* to catch at a straw. It's only them and the likes of them that is always open mouthed against loyal men, or would go to call a little trifle of a prisent made to the burgesses of Glannacrime a bribe."

"I don't care what *they* call it," said Lady Dunore, rising in violent emotion, as the high honour and lofty spirit of her son started to her recollection, coupled with these accusations—"I don't care what your Irish creatures call it; but what will my son say? What will Lord Adelm Fitzadelm say to this imputation on his honour and principles?"

"What can he say, Madam?" returned Crawley, endeavouring to keep pace with Lady Dunore, who was now walking in agitation up and down the room: "What can his lordship say, but that while he was star-gazing in Lisburn, the capital of Spain, among them Papists, his friends at home was working for his interests, like gallows slaves, sparing neither time, money, nor labour, to keep out the ould enemies of his family, and get in himself?"

"He will *murder* you, Mr. Crawley; I *promise* you *that*," said Lady Dunore, coolly, and stopping short in her quick pacing.

"The Lord save us!" ejaculated Crawley, looking round him fearfully.

"You know," she continued, "he already holds you and all your family, *en franche et belle aversion*."

"He does!" said old Crawley, guessing rather than understanding the pur-

port of this sincere assurance. Then with a low, half insolent, half mysterious tone, he added, "Why then, in spite of all that, Lady Dunore, it's me and my family can be the saving of him and his yet."

"Indeed!" said Lady Dunore, with a laugh of irony.

"Indeed!" repeated Crawley, unimpressed; "and, Lady Dunore, will you just hear me for a minute, and then I'll never spake more, if I don't content you to your heart's desire."

There was something imposing in the manner of Crawley, which induced the Marchioness to resume her seat, and to grant him (what she so rarely granted any one) a *patient hearing*.

"Now, Lady Dunore," he continued, "it will tell ill for the greatness and grandeur and honour of the Fitzadelm and Dunore families, that him, who may be said to be their representative,

should be little better than a rogue and a rapparee, and give handle to the whigs in the house of commons, to be talking of the corruptionists and Irish electioneering bribery, and the likes. But as sure as Lord Adelm is returned, all this will come to pass. He'll be petitioned against in the House of Commons, to the intire satisfaction of the whigs."

"I would not for a thousand worlds," interrupted Lady Dunore: "I should never stand London, and the insolence of the opposition women."

"Then, my lady, sorrow thing there is to be done at all, at all, in the business but to withdraw Lord Adelm altogether for the present, who takes no pleasure in the election, and instead of being canvassing, is at this moment *philandering* it, like a *beau maison*, after some skittish young fawn of a female. Just, you see, consint to set him fairly

aside; and then, you see, Lady Dunore, we'll get another person *agraiable* to all parties, to set up in his stead, who will be elected forthwith, and sorrow word you'll hear of corruption or bribery, or the likes, I'll engage."

"And so save our honour," said Lady Dunore, "and lose all our money."

"No, but save both," interrupted Crawley, "for we'd take care to set up a person that would be a follower of the family, and just keep the *sate* open for the real member till the *desolution*, which will soon come, for all the world as your ladyship's footman keeps your box for you at the theatre till you arrive yourself."

"This all sounds plausibly, Mr. Crawley; and you certainly are a very long-headed person, in spite of your *teinture de ridicule*, which renders you very amusing. But where could we get a person to take Fitzadelm's

place, in whom we could rely, in whom we could confide, who would act for the time being as our deputy, and vote as we bid him."

"Why then, I'd offer myself with all the veins,* Lady Dunore, only that *crassing* the *say* just fairly kills me."

"You!" said Lady Dunore, bursting into a fit of laughter.

"And what would ail me?" he answered, in a tone of mortification.

"Sure, many a man as isn't fit to hold a candle to me, Lady Dunore, has been sent over from this country a ready cut and dried parliament man: and what is in it after all, only just to take your cue, and know when to cry aye, and when to say no, according to order. And if you let out a blunder, or cut a joke, don't you carry the day? And *pales* of laughter from the treasury

* i. e. veins of my heart.

bench, as the papers say, and hear him! hear him! from the whigs. I give you my honour, I'd do as well as the best of them if I was in it, and make them split there sides laughing, which is all the go now. But if it's eloquence and poethry you want, and one ready made to their hands, and just in their own way, quite *ministarial*, isn't there Con, Counsellor Con, the darlint of the corporation, and would prefar him 'bove the world. I'll engage he'd be returned as soon as nominated, and has been merely known, as law agent for the election, and has nothing to do with what the whigs call's bribery, but stands with clane hands; and would lay down his life for the Dunores, though Lord Adelm trates him *de ho-on baw* as the French says."

Here Crawley paused, looking from under his shrewd little eyes on Lady Dunore, and puckered up his mouth, in

silent expectation of her answer to this hazardous proposition.

Lady Dunore, after a few moments silent cogitation, exhausted alike in body and spirit, and already weary of a subject which now ceased to agitate her, at last observed, "Well, Mr. Crawley, you have hitherto conducted this business your own way. I am quite ignorant of the details; but all I know is this, the deputy member for Glannacrime must be a staunch thorough-going friend to the present ministry.

"Lave him alone for that," interrupted Crawley: "sure isn't he after their own heart?"

"And the honour and intentions of my son must never even be called in question."

"How can it, when there will be no petition against him if he is not elected."

"As to Lord Adelm," continued

Lady Dunore, "the borough of Glan-nacrime is evidently an object of indifference to him, *pour le moins*, and I now despair of his ever setting up again for any borough while things remain as they are. I shall be the less anxious, as I shall command the voice of your son, in addition to my other voices in the house; for Conway is, after all, and notwithstanding what people call his vulgar effrontery, a very clever, and, as you observe, eloquent creature."

"Why, then, he is that same every taste of it; and without wishing to alarm your ladyship, or give you unaisy drames to-night, I must just say that the time may not be far off—" here he paused, looked cautiously round, advanced to the door to see if it was fast, and then returning on tip-toe, continued—"when you can't have too many voices in the house, nor too many friends in court, as the saying goes."

"What do you mean?" demanded Lady Dunore, startled, and amazed more by his manner than his words.

"Och! it's no matter what I mane now," said old Crawley, coolly: '*on time's uncertain date eternal hours depends*;' but I won't now detain your ladyship another moment."

The clock at this instant struck three.

"I shall not leave this room now, be the hour what it may," said Lady Dunore, throwing herself back in a chair, and putting her feet on another, to mark her determination, "until you explain to me the mysterious words you have just uttered, Mr. Crawley."

"Why then, see here the *dilemia* I have reduced myself to," said Crawley, with an air of perplexity. "I give you my honour, Lady Dunore, I would rather walk with paize (peas) in my shoes than annoy your fine feelings; and it three in the morning and you tired."

"I am not in the very least tired, Mr. Crawley. I am equal, at least I fancy I am, to any communication you have to make to me; so pray go on."

Old Crawley, with hesitation, and a marked reluctance, either affected or felt, began and broke off several sentences, hemmed, cleared his voice, and cried—"Well, to be sure:" at last he began with: "Of course my late noble friend and patron, your ladyship's late, dear, and ever to be lamented *concert*, has often mentioned to you an idle story, set about by his enemies, in regard of a claimant of the title of Fitz-adelm, for there was then nothing else to claim; and who—"

"Not a word," interrupted Dunore, impatiently.

"Not a word!" repeated Crawley, with surprise. "And never told your ladyship that his elder brother, Walter,

Lord Fitzadelm, commonly called the Black Baron, had a son, an only son?"

"Never."

"Who was drowned; but about whom there were some mighty ugly reports?"

"What reports?"

"Oh! just that his uncle and his father connived to put him out of the way to raise money; that, at one time, his uncle thought to bastardize him, by proving him the son of a nurse who first suckled the young Fitzadelm; that this attempt failed; and that after his brother's death he had the boy kidnapped, and sent no one knew where, among the black negers, and then trumped up a story of his drowning."

"'Tis a most curious romance!" said Lady Dunore, interested in the story in proportion to its wildness, and forgetting

the part her husband had been accused of playing, or how deeply it affected her own sons.

“ Oh, mighty interesting,” said old Crawley, ironically.

“ But no one ever believed a word of it, only the enemies of the Fitzadelms. But I suppose my lord told your ladyship that the herald’s office in Dublin refused him for a long time the style, title, and arms of Baron Fitzadelm?”

“ Never a syllable.”

“ Nor of the conversation he had with the Ulster, king at arms, whom he knocked down, and stood his trial for it afterwards in Dublin; my brother, the serjeant, acting as counsel, and I the attorney, and brought him off ingeniously?”

“ Never,” said Lady Dunore, with increasing amazement and interest: “ he never would allow me to accompany him to Ireland. It was a subject of eternal

contest with many others." (she sighed.)

"I led a most miserable life with poor, dear, Lord Fitzadelm, Mr. Crawley; yet upon the whole I have known no happiness since his death : but go on ; your story is a most extraordinary one."

"The most extraordinary part is to come, Lady Dunore : for after all had died away, and poor Lord Fitzadelm dead with the rest, and your son Marquis of Dunore, and every thing going on fair and aisy, at the end of three and twenty years, and when people were thinking of nothing at all at all, the story is revived again ; and go which way you will, there is nothing but whispering and coshering, more particularly among the lower orders, that the son of Walter Lord Fitzadelm has re-appeared to several persons, with the intent of making good his claims to the Dunore estate and title, and of throwing out your ladyship's sons, the

most noble the marquis, and his brother, Lord Adelm Fitzadelm."

To this observation a silence of many minutes succeeded. Lady Dunore sat thunderstruck, with a succession of strange and contradictory emotions flitting over her strongly working countenance. There was something in this wild and romantic tale that harmonized with her unregulated imagination, with her love for the marvellous, and her passion for excessive sensation: for there was a probability at least of the story being true, and a chance of conflict and vicissitude, of defeat or success, which flattered her feverish necessity for excitement, exertion, and occupation; but there yet remained a sufficient source of annoyance, apprehension, and anxiety, to counteract emotions of a more fanciful nature. Old Crawley sat deliberately gazing on her, his hands folded, his thumbs

twirling, his round vulgar bronzed face in strong relief from the light of the taper; while the pale and haggard countenance of Lady Dunore, half thrown in shade by the surrounding darkness of the spacious and gloomy apartment, stood opposed in picturesque contrast.

At last, after a long-drawn inspiration, Lady Dunore again exclaimed, "This is a most extraordinary tale, Mr. Crawley."

"It is indeed, Lady Dunore, mighty extraordinary, if it is true."

"You do not believe that it is so?"

"Believe! the Lord forbid! If it was true, my lady, what would become of the marquis your son? What good would there be in all the mortgages, bargains, leases, and purchases, made under the Black Baron and your ladyship's dear late lord, and the present marquis? Why, if it was proved to

be true, Lady Dunore, wouldn't it be the murther of the world, the ruin of us all? Sure we must *prove it isn't true*, if we spend the last tinpenny we have in the world."

"Prove! then you really think claims will be made—pretensions urged?"

"I think, and is certain sure of it. All kinds of *maneuvering* and *checanery's* going on at this present moment to prove it."

"But where—how—who is the pretender?"

Old Crawley passed his hand over his face; then looked round, as if he feared a witness of what he was going to say. He drew his chair closer to Lady Dunore, and continued in a low tone, "Where is he! Why then, for all I know, Lady Dunore, he's under your roof at this moment. Any how he was in it this evening."

Lady Dunore's exclamation almost

amounted to a scream; and Crawley, terrified at the vivacity of her emotions, cried,

“Hush! hush! for the love of the Lord. Keep down your fine feelings, Lady Dunore, dear, and smell your *O de Lucy*, or your *Sally Volatile* ;” and he searched her ridicule for a smelling bottle, which he had often seen her use under any agitation. Holding the salts to her nose (for Lady Dunore, like all hysterical persons, became violent in proportion as she was noticed), he continued,—

“Aisy now, aisyy, Lady Dunore, honey; what will I do if you give way to your *asterisks*, and nobody up in the house to get you as much as a sup of water, or a thimble full of harts-horn?”

The effect of the sal volatile, which he poured up her nostrils, was so powerful as to absorb for a moment every

other sensation; and when she could speak, which she did between laughter and sobs, she observed, "Under my roof, Mr. Crawley? The kidnapped injured son of Lord Walter Fitzadelm under my roof, did you say?"

"Not at all, Lady Dunore, not the ra'al son of Baron Walter, but an *imposture*, a vagrant, a rebel, who came and bullied me in my own house, in my *sate* of Mount Crawley, and wanted to force Court Fitzadelm from me, and refused to drink the 'Glorious and immortal,' and snapped at Conway, and put his *commether* upon Clotty, and passed on her for a Methodist preacher, as he did afterwards upon your ladyship for a great officer from the Yankies; and is neither more nor less than the bastard, saving your ladyship's presence, of Judy Laffan, who was first nurse to the young Master Fitzadelm that was drowned. A little bit of a bye-blow of my lords,

a JEW *d'esprit*, as the French says; which was the reason why Lady Fitz-Adelm turned her away, when she found she was a *forepaw* of my lord's, and she gave the child to that rebelly thief O'Leary's wife. And now, after every body has lost sight of him, that's MICKY Laffan, for he turned out a vagabond, was transported, and said to have died in Botany-Bay, he comes to pass himself for the ra'al young lord that was drowned, and he goes about chicaning the lower orders, and buying them over; and conniving with Lady Clancare, his great crony, though he daren't let on to know her here, gallowanting her in the bogs, and getting in with her into every cabin in the barony, and shewing himself as the raal Marquis of Dunore. Isn't he here, playing the great don with your ladyship, and calling himself General Fitzwalter, and laying down the law to yez?

all as one as if he was the king of the place already : and what's more, my lady, Lady Clancare is no more sick than I am ; and as soon as the curtain was up and the play begun, the ginerall was off like a shot, and Jemmy Bryan, who never loses sight of him, followed him to Castle Macarthy. Oh, troth, it's little of your ladyship's play she's thinking ; no, but of her own : and was humming you all the time, for the Devil is not able, for that one, the Lord pardon me !”

This information, so extraordinary, so out of all calculation, had the effect of sobering Lady Dunore, and of giving, for the moment, a tinge almost of rationality to her ideas ; for wounded self-love effected more than reason or even self-interest could have produced. That she had been duped, deceived, played upon, was the predominant feeling of her mind ; deceived by Lady

Clancare, at the moment when she was endeavouring to serve her, and to forward her views, and who now turned out to be the agent of an adventurer, who had come under her roof for the purpose of defrauding and dispossessing her children of their rank and property.

"I see your ladyship is a little amazed," said Crawley.

"Amazed!" she returned, collectedly, "yes, a little, but not confounded, not overcome, as you shall find, Mr. Crawley: you shall see that I can shuffle and cut and deal my cards as well as another: you shall find that neither the villainy of an impostor, nor the arts of an adventuress, shall be too much for me. It is not the first time, my good Mr. Crawley, that I have been placed in situations where a little policy, a little management, disguise, and intrigue were necessary. I have already made up my mind to the event."

The conspiracy of this hero and heroine is, I suppose, a fair subject for legal prosecution; but that's not enough. They must be shewn up, upon their own scene of action, and it will go hard with me if I don't make examples of them." Her eyes darkened with expected vengeance, as she spoke.

"Why then, see here, Lady Dunore, Divil a bit, but I give you credit for shewing a proper spirit: for hasn't that fellow made you the talk of the country round, for letting him into the castle, when not a house would let him crass the threshold, and was obliged to take up his lodgings with that marked man, O'Leary, because the Dunore Arms thought him a suspicious character?"

"I wish we had your son Conway here," said the marchioness, musing.

"Och! there's no occasion in life for him. Haven't he and I been holding a council of war in Clotty's room, while

the play was going on, and every thing settled and planned between him and I and only waiting your ladyship's *veto*, as the Papists say? I haven't come from Dublin without my credentials, I'll ingage."

"What do you mean, my dear Mr. Crawley?"

"Why I mane, that I have a warrant to bring the body of this young gineral, who is an ould soger, to Dublin, afore the Lord Chief Justice."

"Oh! but remember your last warrant, Mr. Crawley. You do not *briller par là*. You must not again involve us in your ridiculous mistakes and conspiracies, and things in Queen Elizabeth's days."

"I'll ingage there is no fear, Lady Dunore, and Judge Aubrey not in the country to back his jacobin friends; and has my charges made out in due form, and sworn to."

"What charges, *par exemple*?"

"Only for a trifle of murther, that's all."

"Murder!"

"Aye, faith, ra'al and undoubted murther. Did'nt your ladyship hear Conway read out of th' Hibernian journal, one morning at breakfast, of a rising in the mountains about a still-hunting party, and of a fight between the country people and the sogers, and a stranger on horseback, getting among them to settle the difference, as it was to appear, and taking part in the disturbance, and a shot fired, and a soger killed, and nobody ever able to tell by whom, until a lad turned king's evidence th' other day, and is ready to swear that this gineral was the murtherer; that he was seen going into a cabin before the fight, and drinking with the people, and saying he was the ra'al Lord Dunore; and that on going away,

under pretence of relieving the people, who were very poor, he gave them, as he thought, a golden guinea, which turned out to be a Spanish coin, the very same that the general gave your ladyship a present for card counters; and here it is, and a great evidence it will be on the trial."

So saying, he produced the coin.

"This is most extraordinary! This is a special intervention of providence. It is indeed the same," said Lady Dunore, "that this *murderer* gave me."

"Now," said old Crawley, "a man who is convicted of murder, and I believe we have witnesses enough to prove *that*, will have but a poor chance of proving his claims to a title and property in the possession of a noble family, as is hand and glove with the ministry."

"But you have not got him yet,"

said Lady Dunore, impatiently: "he may still elude us all."

"He is now, I believe, quietly asleep in O'Leary's lodgings. Jemmy Bryan saw him safe home at half past ten, from Lady Clancare's, and then came here to inform Conway of it. But what would ail your ladyship but to write him a line in the morning to beg he would step down to you, as you are unaisy about Lord Adelm, whom he flatters himself he's bit fairly."

"And then?" said Lady Dunore, reddening with the ardour of her newly awakened feelings.

"And then, my lady, we'll just nab him *nately* as he stands all alone by himself in your ladyship's dressing-room; for he has become so *populous* with the lower orders, that if he were arrested at O'Leary's, that is the ring-leader of the country, there would be a

rising of every riband man and every *functionary* in the place round. But here, sorrow a taste of any mortal will know about it; and we'll have a po-shay at the little *posture* gate, under the tower on the strand, and a military escort."

"No," said Lady Dunore, whose feelings, all personal, had nothing but private vengeance in view, "that will never do, I will have him arrested and exposed in the presence of the party assembled in the castle (whom he has imposed upon), and confronted with that artful adventuress, Lady Clancare, who I now see, while she was serving her paramour, was upon the point of taking in poor dear Lord Rosbrin, persuading me, the little wretch, that she did it to pique that Fitzwalter; but don't talk of her—it maddens me to think how I have been duped, laughed at, played upon; and that—"

"Now keep yourself cool, Lady Dunore, honey," interrupted Crawley, fearful of a return of her hysteric paroxysm, "and just go to bed and—"

"I will not go to bed till I write a note of invitation to the *general*, whom we shall *out-general* in the end, and leave it to be sent early in the morning; and as to the *Countess* of Clancare," and she laughed hysterically, a countess, indeed! a gypsy countess! with her typhus fever; I will have the honour of going for her myself, and bringing her, *vi et armis*, to the castle."


Cheered by this resolution, Lady Dunore now took up her candle, and with her cheek colourless, her eyes inflamed and staring, and her head wrapped in a lace veil, she not inaptly imaged the sleep-walking and conscience-stricken Lady Macbeth. Old Crawley meantime, with a tip-toc step,

groped his way by the moonlight to the bed-room of his son, who had sat up to receive him, and learn the result of his extraordinary interview with the lady of the castle.

CHAPTER V.

How could'st thou find this dark sequestered
nook ?
MILTON.

Now does my project gather to a head ;
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and
time
Goes upright with his carriage.
SHAKESPEARE.



THE solemn consequence given to every thing connected with the drama, by Lord Rosbrin, had rendered the disappointment occasioned by the illness or caprice of Lady Clancare an event of the most important and mortifying nature ; and he insisted on announcing it to the public in all the set form and phrase usual upon such occasions in the

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public theatres. He came forward, therefore, with a countenance in which he hoped "men would read strange things;" and, after a long pause, he commenced an apology for the non-appearance of Lady Clancare, put forth his own claims to indulgence, in assuming, by particular desire, and for that night only, the part of Rosalind; and concluded by reading aloud the letter of the comic heroine, to whom he had undertaken to act as *double*. It ran as follows:

My dear Lady Dunore,

I am obliged to decline the pretty part of the fantastic Rosalind this evening for one of a less agreeable nature; and I trust you will not think I am playing the *Malade Imaginaire*, when I assign indisposition as an excuse for my absence from the castle. I would, perhaps, ask you to

come and judge for yourself of my situation, but that the nature of my feelings at this moment, and my recent visits to a house where the typhus fever rages, might render it as unsafe for you, as embarrassing to me, to receive you at Castle Macarthy.

I am, my dear Lady Dunore, &c.

F. CLANCARE.

The apology was received with plaudits; the audience, better pleased with the Rosalind which chance and folly had given them, than with the Rosalind of which a dangerous malady had deprived them, "*bound up each corporeal faculty*" to expected mirth and laughter.

Miss Crawley declared the excuse of Lady Clancare was all affectation and assumed importance; and Lord Frederick observed to Lady Georgina that he saw *la petite personne* was, from the be-

ginning to the end, playing another part than that assigned her, and that it was very clear her intention had never been to play at all.

Contrary to his first intentions, General Fitzwalter found himself in the theatre of Dunore; but upon the reading of Lady Clancare's letter, he suddenly disappeared. The carriage in which he had arrived had returned to the Dunore Arms, and, notwithstanding the roughness of a singularly inclement night, he wrapped himself up in a long travelling cloak, lent him by one of the grooms of the chamber, and proceeded on foot to Castle Macarthy.

As he walked forth from the illuminated hall of Dunore, and lost the glitter of the sparkling lights that gleamed from its casements, the rude savage scene through which he proceeded seemed to scowl a gloomy contrast. The night was unusually dark, but the

roar of the waves indicated their agitation; and in the pauses of the shrill gusts of wind which whistled among the rocks, under whose shadow he was moving; the rain fell heavy, cold, and penetrating. Opposed to the brilliant images and mirthful scenes he had quitted, those he now occupied became marked by a character of supernatural horror and desolation. He found and ascended with difficulty the little defile in the cliffs through which Lady Clancare's maid had formerly led him to the strand; and when he stood before the gates of Castle Macarthy, he felt that there also was the silence of dreary sequestration, and of desolate privacy. A faint stream of light issued from the half open portals of the hall. He entered, without finding any human being to impede his steps or to announce his arrival.

A flickering rush-light stood upon

the old stone table, and its expiring ray flashed upon the skeleton wolf's head that hung suspended above it, and then sunk and died into utter darkness. Fitzwalter stood for a moment, his hand resting on the table, on which the rain, dropping through the roof, fell with heavy plashes. Unable to proceed, his feelings all tumult, his spirits depressed, one image, gloomy, painful, and affecting, still occupied his mind. The young, friendless mistress of this silent and dreary dwelling, she who so late had appeared beyond the reach of suffering, so brilliant, so wooed and won by adulation and attention, now neglected, abandoned, unpitied, left on a bed of sickness by those to whom her spirit and talents had recently afforded occupation, and supplied amusement—no eye to watch her, no tongue to sooth her, no hand to seek the feverish pressure of her's. All her follies, all her

faults (if the conduct which had thwarted his passion could be so construed) were forgotten, and nothing was now remembered, not even her talents, her charms, save the unpitied situation to which her too intrepid benevolence had reduced her.

Almost suffocating from excess of emotion, still struggling with himself, in the midst of darkness and of silence, he hesitated as to the manner in which he should seek to announce himself, when the heavy creaking of a door, slowly shut, footsteps approaching, and a faint flash of light, proceeding from the narrow dark stone passage, which led to the sitting-room he had once occupied, caught his attention. A man advanced, holding a dark lantern; the light, turned on himself, burnished his face and figure with its yellow rays, and threw them into strong relief. He was humming an old melancholy Irish cronan, and proceeded cau-

tiously across the hall to the door, without perceiving the general, whose dark figure and garb were confounded with the profound shadows of the place. The full and strongly lighted view of his person instantly awakened a perfect recognition in the general's mind. It was the *Rabragh*,

"Owny!" he exclaimed, advancing eagerly, and seizing his arm. Owny dropped his lantern from one hand, and a letter which he carried from the other, and clasping both, mingled a broken *ave-maria* and *mea-culpa*, in utter consternation and superstitious fear, the only fear by which his hardy spirit was assailable.

"Do you not remember?" asked the general, in an impatient tone, and letting go his arm. "You cannot have forgotten the traveller whom you drove from Cashel, bewildered in the Galties, and imprisoned in Court Fitzadelm."

The habitual gaiety of the *Rabragh's*

countenance, and the natural ruddiness of his complexion, returned together ; and picking up his lantern, and turning it full on the apparition which had scared him into the belief that he stood in the unearthly presence of the famous *Macarthy-More*, he replied, with a smile :—

“ Know your honor, is it, Sir ? May be I don’t; and never will forget yez, till the hour of my death, if I was to live a thousand years and more ; and took you now for ould *Fogh-na-gael*, in regard of the surprise, Sir, and the place, and the ould shanaos, Sir. And sure wasn’t I going to your honor this very minute, with a letter for you from the Bhan Tierna, long life to her ladyship ! and if I didn’t find you at O’Leary’s was to follow you to the castle, and lurk about till you came out, Sir, and slip this into your hand, Sir; and thinks it great luck, plaze Gad, to find you in

it here, in regard of not caring to cross the church-yard of Monaster-ny-oriel, and the night dark and stormy, only in respect of the Bhan Tierna, who has a right to my life, Sir, if she chooses, and am bound to serve her till death, and more.” —

During this speech, the general had opened the letter alluded to, and read as follows.

“ You stand accused of murder. Depositions to this effect have been laid against you, by one, who, in betraying the circumstance to his comrade, the noted Padreen Gar, persists in its veracity. Officers of justice are furnished with a warrant to take you. Though your conscience be at rest, confide not in your innocence, for you are powerfully beset. A chaise with a driver, on whom you may depend, will be ready to receive you at three in the morning,

and conduct you to a port from whence you may sail. Announce your arrival and future intentions to Lady Clancare, they will then securely and speedily reach your wife,

FLORENCE MACARTHY.

“This for the present is all the answer I can return to your letter, and its general proposal.”

Fitzwalter read this letter twice, with a confusion of ideas and feelings that scarcely left him power to comprehend its contents. The increasing paleness of his cheek, the rolling of his eye, the tremulous motion of his under lip, fixed the shrewd but sympathizing gaze of the Rabragh, as he held up the lantern before him; and as the general stood silent and motionless, he observed, significantly:—

“Hasn’t your honor better step into the dining-parlour, Sir, and see the

Countess herself? and ingages, if she backs you, Sir, sorrow taste there is to fear. And didn't she save my life, Sir, entirely, when I fell into trouble, and none to take my part against the Crawleys, only God and her ladyship, Sir. Shall I shew your honor the way?" and he stepped lightly on before. Fitzwalter followed mechanically, and, as the door stood half open, Owny pointed to it, and retired.

The unexpected visitant paused at the threshold, and the interior of the apartment was exposed to his view. It was dimly lighted by a rude lamp which stood on the table, before which Lady Clancare sat writing. Her appearance almost justified the account she had given of herself; for her unusual paleness of complexion was accompanied by the worn, anxious, and exhausted look of one who suffered much. One hand was spread and

pressed upon the forehead it supported; the other was guiding her pen with the rapidity of lightning; while at intervals she raised her head, addressing the interrogatory of "well," to a person who appeared dictating to her in Irish. He presented a gaunt tall figure, and fearful aspect; but he stood with his head uncovered at a respectful distance, and traces of a reverential feeling softened the harsh lines of his wild and marked countenance. It was Padreen Gar. In another part of the room Lady Clancare's youthful attendant, assisted by an old woman, was engaged in packing up a small travelling trunk. Struck by a combination so extraordinary, by the peculiar situation of Lady Clancare, and by the presence of her singular associates, Fitzwalter stood for a moment unnoticed, and wrapt in profound observation; when the eyes of Lady Clancare sud-

denly and accidentally turning to the spot where he stood, with his dark pale countenance just visible above the cloak which wrapped his figure; she uttered a faint exclamation, smiled, attempted to rise, and would have sunk to the earth, but that the arms of Fitzwalter received her, with a clasp that seemed almost indissoluble. Her efforts to rally back her fading spirits and declining strength were instantaneously successful. She resumed her seat, affected to laugh away her weakness, ascribed it to exhaustion and surprise; and then having abruptly observed, that General Fitzwalter could not yet have received the letter she had dispatched to him, she turned to her attendants, desired her maid to wait in the adjoining room, and dismissed Padreen Gar and the old woman till they should be called for. All this was done rapidly but collectedly, and was observed by

Fitzwalter with silent amazement; for the feverish hectic that burnt in a red spot on one of her cheeks convinced him that the excuse she had made for her non-appearance at the castle of Dunore was not without foundation. He took her hand in emotion; and as he applied his fingers to its throbbing pulse, she gaily observed, while she struggled to release it, "Oh, you are not to believe a word it tells you. I have *no leisure* to be ill now, nor shall I *have time* to die these twenty years: then, indeed, having retired from the world, with the first wrinkle, and moped through a few years of age and ugliness, I may some day or other be found here dead of the sullens, like an old bird in its cage."

"But you are ill," he replied, anxiously: "your hand burns, your complexion varies. Where is there a physician? Have you not sent for assistance?"

"What!" she said laughing, "my equivoque of the typhus fever succeeded with you as well as the rest? But in that case, if I am indeed imagined ill, where are all my '*friends fast sworn*,' my admirers, my Orlandos, my Solymans! Ha! not even *l'amie d'honneur*! My dear Lady Dunore! Then have *I* touched the highest point of all my greatness,

'And from the full meridian of my glory
I haste now to my setting;'"

so sit down, General Fitzwalter, and tell me how it comes, that '*left and abandoned by my velvet friends*,' you, who never ranged yourself among their number, have deserted the festive hall of pleasure to seek the supposed infectious air of these ruined towers?"

"You suffer and are here," he replied eagerly, and taking a hand, which she now struggled not to withdraw—

“ You did not then, of course, receive the letter which I have just despatched to you from your guardian angel, from Florence Macarthy?”

Fitzwalter let fall her hand, and after a moment's pause, replied, “ Yes; but that is not the question now. Will you permit me to go to Dunore for such medical advice as I can procure: or, if you prefer sending your mysterious agent, Owny, whom I left in your hall, and who has been employed in the service of a life much less valuable than your own—”

“ No, no,” she interrupted, “ I am not ill. I do not deceive you. I am harassed, anxious, a little exhausted, and burning more with indignation than fever. With your life, the life of any human being at stake; with the happiness, the existence of Florence Macarthy in my hands,—is her name, then, so abhorrent to your ears that you turn thus in disgust away?”

"You have not chosen your moment wisely; but I am ready to fulfil my engagement to that lady," interrupted Fitzwalter, vehemently, and starting from his chair. "I will marry her, protect her, and while I live, live with her. What more does she require, or do you demand, Lady Clancare?"

He paused, and fixed his stern eyes on a countenance marked by the profoundest agitation.

"I require! I have no right to require any thing. I speak in her behalf, not in my own. Oh! you know not," she continued, with a supplicating earnestness, "the devotion with which she has pursued you, silently unobtrusively pursued you. You know not what zeal she has displayed, what ingenuity she has exerted, to keep you within her view; to behold you, to listen to you, to study you, to obtain you."

"Well," said Fitzwalter, throwing himself back in his chair, "she has succeeded—I am her's. I acknowledge her worth: in time I trust I shall feel it,"—and he sighed profoundly.

"Her worth!" replied Lady Clancare: "'tis of her love I speak, and of all the romantic energy which has accompanied it. It was her determination, when she heard of your captivity, to return to South America, to endeavour to effect your escape, or to share your dungeon; for the woman is unworthy of the sacred name of wife who is not prepared to follow the husband of her choice and her affections to slavery, to death; oh! more than all, to follow, to cling to him even in shame, in ignominy. Nay, hear me out, and look not thus on me. The report of your escape had reached her when she was on the point of embarking from England, to share, or offer to share

your destiny. Then she lost sight of you until you presented yourself to her eyes in Ireland, breathing the same air, inhabiting the same room, exchanging glances, yet still instinctively shrinking from her. Ha! you start. It will not lessen your surprise to learn that Florence Macarthy was the rejected, the formidable Mrs. Magillicuddy, something disguised, indeed, and changed. You laugh incredulously. But love would have recognized its object even under that concealment. Young, well looking, and unprotected, she has often sought safety in the assumption of age and ugliness, during her inevitable wanderings. Her flexibility of voice, and mobility of countenance and gesture, her powers of imitation, and acquaintance with the character she assumed, favoured her disguise. But your intercourse stopped not here. It was she who contrived to play upon the

vanity and credulity of Lord Adelm, whom she had once seen in Spain, whom she had afterwards seen in England, though unnoticed by one so self-occupied and self-involved—it was she who summoned him from Portugal—at once avenging a friend she had dearly loved, whom he had sacrificed, and making him an instrument in her own schemes. Her's was the irrepressible sigh, the malignant laugh in the ruins of Holy-cross. It was she who placed you in the Fitzadelm chaise, under the guidance of her agent, the Rabragh, had you carried to Lis-na-Sleugh, where her knowledge of the Spanish language put her in possession of your views and intentions. Thus she anticipated you at Court Fitzadelm, imprisoned you to afford herself time for escape, and provided you a lodging at O'Leary's, by an equivoque of which he was the dupe. From that moment you became

my charge. The proximity of your residence favoured the trust I embraced. Acquainted with your departure for Cork, your intended return to Dunore, and with the arrest which waited you there, I was enabled to forward the views of Florence Macarthy, by witnessing your first appearance in the castle of Dunore; to effect which, as much as to surprise the favour of Lady Dunore, I suffered myself to be taken prisoner by Mr. Costello, and even paid him for his trouble. It was I who kept your friend Lord Adelm in play, by dropping the handkerchief, whose initials first discovered to you the residence of Florence Macarthy in Ireland, and again brought on a negotiation by means scarcely calculated on. I see you are amazed, confounded, stunned, because the omnipotence which belongs to the affections of a devoted woman is unknown to your sex: still less can you

judge of its disinterestedness, of its power to abnegate self, to confound its identity with the object beloved. It is you, you alone, Florence Macarthy prizes. It is for yourself you are estimated: and now, ignorant of all concerning you, save the part you recently played in America, beholding you in this remote place, wrapped in mystery, suspected, accused, your life in danger, whatever may be your innocence or fate, that fate she is ready to share with you."

"I cannot, dare not hear you on," interrupted Fitzwalter, in a burst of passion amounting to agony. "Why should I deceive her, you, myself? 'Tis not on Florence Macarthy my thoughts are bent, admirable and wonderful as you paint her. 'Tis on you my existence at this moment depends; my soul, my senses, my life, are your's. 'Tis on your eloquence I hang, on your counte-

nance I gaze, on your eyes I look. I confound you with her, and become unworthy of both. Were *you* this devoted creature, whose cause you plead—spoke you, looked you thus *for yourself*, the struggle would be at once decided. Florence Macarthy should not be deceived, nor I ——. In a word, Lady Clancare, I love you to madness, to folly, to dishonour; you, only you, against my better reason, my happiness and sense of right. Now then, knowing my state of feeling, speak on, if you will; but remember, I do not answer for myself. Every word you utter, every sigh you breath, every glance you emanate in another's cause, confirms my crime, and devotes me to yourself. Were you the creature you paint another, were you capable of this devotion, this zeal, and for me——”

“I am capable of it,” interrupted Lady Clancare, breathlessly, and clasp-

ing her hands in passionate emotion, while she half-averted her face to conceal its expression. "Could I thus describe if I had not felt? In pleading the cause of Florence Macarthy, see you not that I but delineated my own feelings, my own strong, tender, and indestructible emotions. You say you love me, and I dare not doubt it. You deny not your danger; I am ready to share it: this is no moment for details: let it suffice to know that she who thus throws herself on you, is—" she paused, turned away her head, while Fitzwalter encircled her half retreating form with his arms, and hung wildly over her, "is—
—FLORENCE MACARTHY!"

His arms lost their power of supporting her, and he sunk motionless upon the chair from which she had just arisen; while Lady Clancare, after a moment's struggle, turning full round, fixed her eyes on him with that expres-

sion of triumph with which she had first received him where she now stood, and gently putting her hand on his shoulder, said, "*Now, infidel, I have you on the hip.*"

The story of Florence Macarthy, Countess of Clancare, the daughter of Colonel Macarthy-More, whose life had been sacrificed in the South American cause, had already been gradually detailed, and little was left to reveal. The story of her kinswoman, Florence Macarthy Reagh, a Spanish nun, resident in the Convent of our Lady of the Annunciation, as partly related by O'Leary, had given rise to that *qui pro quo* which had enabled Lady Clancare to follow up her innocent schemes on the heart of him she considered as her husband, while apparently acting as the agent of another.

Florence Macarthy Reagh was the

young novice of Nuestra Señora de las Angustias, to whom the eccentric Lord Fitzadelm had addressed his love,

“Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And never a true one;”

and who had since expiated her credulity by years of religious sacrifice, Misled by the embroidered handkerchief, and by O'Leary's description of its owner, Lord Adelm had flown to her convent, and, in the person of the mistress he had abandoned, sought the invisible torment who had so long eluded him. He arrived at the convent the day preceding that on which his supposed sylph was to take the veil; and the certainty of not obtaining her increased his ideal and romantic passion to the desperate height of proposing, unknown, unseen, to marry her. The answer to this proposition revealed the name and story of the person he ad-

dressed, and inclosed a drawing of a cenotaph, on which was inscribed

“ Sic me Phœbus amat.”

For the rest, he was informed that his proposal should be forwarded to Mrs. Mary Magillicuddy, the person whose invisible, but ardent attentions, had induced him to make it.

Florence Macarthy Reagh, though much of the saint, was more of the woman; and in spite of herself, secretly rejoiced in the innocent vengeance procured her by the playful agency of her cousin, who, like the rest of her sex, made common cause, and conceived an injury done to one woman a slight to all.

The town clock of Dunore had struck eleven, as General Fitzwalter, dogged by Jemmy Bryan, reached his tower of Monaster-ny-Oriel; and O'Leary, who had been watching his return, expressed

his amazement at his doing so on foot in so dreary a night, and informed him, with a mysterious air, that things were getting wind, and that Lord Adelm was just arrived at Monaster-ny-Oriel a few moments before, and awaited his return in his chamber. Fra Denis O'Sullivan was also, he said, returned, to his utter amazement, to his lodgment in the tower, and was now *solus cum solo* with the young lord.

CHAPTER VI.

Yea, even that which mischief meant most harm,
Shall, in the happy trial, prove most goodly.
Evil on itself shall back recoil.

MILTON.

THE following morning, an hour after sun-rise, the ruined chapel of *Monaster-ny-oriel* exhibited a singular and unusual scene; for before the high altar, at whose feet reposed the ashes of the great chief, Macarthy-More, the young descendant and inheritor of his title and name gave her hand to the representative of his hereditary enemies. The ceremony was performed by the Reverend Denis O'Sullivan,

titular Dean of Dunore, assisted by the parish priest.

The protestant rector, who was to repeat the rites, according to the forms of the protestant church (the parties being of different persuasions), also attended, at Lady Clancare's particular request, to represent her grandfather, to whom he had been a fast firm friend, and to give her away. The only persons present upon the occasion were O'Leary, who, between every response, muttered some part of Friar Con's prophecy; and Lady Clancare's maid, who was her foster sister. Lord Adelm, who had passed the night in a conference with General Fitzwalter, to which Mr. O'Sullivan was latterly admitted, had left O'Leary's before day-light, informed of the event which was about to take place, but declining being present, from feelings originating in his actual state of mind, the mortification he

had recently undergone, and some well-grounded suspicions of the share Lady Clancare had contributed to it.

The celebration of the wedding of the Bhan Tierna in the chapel of Monaster-ny-oriel, some vague reports that the distinguished stranger on whom she was bestowing her hand was the real and long-lost Marquis of Dunore, had circulated with incredible celerity, and the old Fitzadelm chaise, with four horses in attendance at the gates of the cemetery, the white cockade mounted in the Rabragh's hat, who rode proudly on the coach-box, a similar distinction in the *caubeen* of Padreen Gar, who had forcibly dismounted the ragged postillion, and thrown his huge limbs over the back of the leader, and a chaise and pair in attendance for the countess's maid and O'Leary, all served to confirm the hints

‘ *Loud rumour spoke.*’

By the time, therefore, that the bridal party issued from amidst the grey ruins of the abbey, a multitude of persons, with the whole population of Clontarry, had assembled round the gates, and shouts of joyous emotion, mingled with the cry of the Macarthys and Fitzadelms, rent the air.

Lady Clancare, as she ascended the carriage, addressed a few words to those nearest to her: she said she was about to leave them for a short time, but she trusted it was only to return, with the power as well as the will she had always felt to be of use to them;—she recommended sobriety, industry, and peaceable conduct; and amidst fresh shouts of approbation and joy was placed in the carriage by the catholic dean and protestant rector. The cavalcade was now taking the road to Cork, still followed by the multitude, when a party of military, led on by

several officers of the civil power, commanded the drivers to stop ; and General Fitzwalter was arrested in the name and on behalf of his majesty the king. The arrest was instantly observed by the peasantry, who prepared to resist it with their usual uncalculating warmth, while *Padreen Gar*, still mounted on the foremost horse, rose his gaunt figure from the stirrups, and cast round a significant look, which operated like electricity. In a moment the scattered multitude, contracted into a close phalanx, rushed with one impulsion through the military party, and environed the chaise : stones and turf sods, suddenly torn up, flails and scythes brandished in the air, and countenances fixed, stern, resolute, and ferocious, declared the event of an intended rescue. In a momentary pause, Fitzwalter, sternly, as one accustomed to command—Mr. O'Sullivan, mildly,

as one accustomed to conciliate, endeavoured to address the mob, and induce them to return quietly to their work or their homes: both were only answered by shrill wild shouts, which convinced them of the inefficiency of their interference.

The military loaded their pieces, but behaved with great moderation, till urged by the interference of the civil officers, who ordered them to disperse the mob, *vi et armis*; and a general engagement was about to take place, when the voice and interference of Lady Clancare produced an effect, as unexpected as singular. She addressed them in Irish; but it was evident neither in command nor supplication. Whatever she said produced bursts of laughter and applause; every eye, flashing humour and derision, were turned on the constables and their satellites. A new impulse seemed to be given to

the susceptible feelings of the auditory she addressed. Rage was turned to contempt; anticipated triumph shone in every eye. They drew back, suffered the military to close round the carriage, dropped their missiles, and followed in regular order the track of the carriages, as they now proceeded to the castle of Dunore.

“There are two, and but *two* short roads,” (said Lady Clancare smiling) “to Irish feelings,—pathos or hymour: you may weep or laugh them out of any thing.”

Notwithstanding the earliness of the hour, every window, every loop-hole, in the castle of Dunore, was crowded, when the bridal carriage and its singular cavalcade wound up its gloomy court: and when the party (evidently expected), alighted in the hall, and were received and conducted by the grooms of the chamber to the saloon, Lord

Adelm stood at the door: he appeared pale, and much worn in his appearance; but he came anxiously forward, and observed in a low voice to Fitzwalter, "It is unnecessary to say I am unprepared for *this*. I knew nothing of it. I have had a few minutes conference with my mother. Reports of your story have reached her through the Crawleys, distorted however and vague: act now as you please, but spare the memory of my father for my sake."

Fitzwalter wrung his hand in expressive silence, and the whole party entered the saloon together. Lady Clancare, supported by her husband's arm, and partly veiled by the Spanish mantillo, which fell from her head over her whole person, excited evident amazement by her presence.

The titular Dean of Dunore followed, accompanied by the rector; and the wildly expressive countenance of the

agitated O'Leary, agitated almost to the return of his former malady, and the black rough head and grim visage of Padreen Gar, were seen among the many curious faces which filled up the door. The saloon was already occupied by all the guests of the castle, with the exception of Lord Rosbrin, and some of the *corps dramatique*, who were either wearied beyond the power of being roused at so unseasonable an hour, or had no inclination to appear on a scene in which they were not to act the *principal* part *themselves*. The summonses, however, of Lady Dunore had been given to all, and were for the most part punctually obeyed; for Lady Dunore had personally solicited the attendance of the ladies, and despatched Mr. Pottinger to the gentlemen to request they would be present on an occasion which involved some of the dearest interests of her being.

Lady Georgina, in a wrapper of India muslin, and a drapery of Brussels lace shading her face, yawning and peevish at being disturbed, when the *dearest* interests of her *dearest* friend were concerned, reclined on a sofa, on which Lord Frederick, in a robe de chambre, and embroidered Turkey slippers, had taken his wonted place beside her.

Mr. Heneage and Miss Crawley had descended in such a hurry that the one appeared without his stays, and the other without her frizette. Mr. Pottinger was habited in a yellow silk banyan, presented him by an ex-lady-lieutenant. Old Crawley, ghastly and agitated, stood in a remote window, taking snuff and pulling down his wig. His son had left the castle before day-light, under the excuse of attending the election; and Lady Dunore, pale and flushing alternately, moved about in restless

agitation, till on the entrance of her son she seized his arm, and, with a countenance charged with irony, and malicious, yet doubtful triumph, stood observing the entrance of General Fitzwalter, Lady Clancare, and their two clerical friends. A pause ensued, which Lady Dunore at last interrupted, and dropping her son's arm, she came forward, and addressing Lady Clancare with a sort of half ironical, half hysterical laugh, she said, "If there be any truth in the report which has just reached us, that your *ladyship* has this morning bestowed your fair hand on —, the gentleman whom you now accompany, may I hope I am among the first to congratulate you on the event, and to wish you all *the joy* it is likely eventually to produce?"

Lady Clancare, who stood the image of her own first appearance in the hall of Dunore, the same shy, sly ex-

pression of countenance, and bashful embarrassment of air, replied to this ironical congratulation by a low respectful courtesy, as one who took this mock civility *tout de bon*, and was grateful for it.

Provoked at this unlooked for interpretation, Lady Dunore, wholly overcome by her ungovernable temper, went on with increasing acrimony: "Had I, Madam, known the *extent* and *cast* of your *ladyship's* theatrical abilities, I should have undoubtedly induced you to undertake the part of Estifania, and we should have had no difficulty, it now appears, in providing a *copper captain*." She laughed convulsively; and then yielding gradually to the violent impetuosity of her temper, provoked by the modest self-satisfied air of Lady Clancare (who seemed scarcely to attend to her ravings), she added in a loud shrill voice:

"Mr. Crawley, why don't you come forward?"

Crawley, with an air of timid perplexity obeyed.

"I turn over those two adventurers, those conspirators to you, and to the laws they have violated; and I now thus publicly acknowledge my imprudence in receiving them under my roof, and beg forgiveness of the friends into whose society I obtruded them. Lady Georgina, Miss Crawley, we will if you please, now retire. Mr. Crawley, the officers of justice may do their duty. Fitzadelm, give me your arm."

"No, Madam," said Lord Fitzadelm, firmly, and leading her back forcibly to her seat, "you must not go. Neither shall I, until the defamation you have indulged in is either substantiated or disproved; until my friend, General Fitzwalter, is afforded (and in

the presence of these, before whom he has been so grossly insulted) an opportunity of clearing himself of the aspersions with which you have blasted his gallant character."

"*Your friend! your friend!*" repeated Lady Dunore, bursting into a fit of hysterical tears. "Are *your friends* then to be always my enemies? Am I always to find an adversary in my son; or is it only to thwart, oppose, and distract me, that you now involve yourself in the guilt of an *impostor and a murderer*, by publicly acknowledging him *as your friend*?"—A general murmur of amazement and consternation arose. Lord Fitzadelm, with the air of one whose feelings seemed to find their own level in the extraordinary and unprecedented part he was now called on to play, turned to General Fitzwalter, and said: "now then is your moment—I hold myself answerable

for the truth of all you shall assert."

Fitzwalter gently released himself from Lady Dunore's arm; while Lord Frederick, in good-natured consideration of the anxiety and emotion painted in her countenance, led her to a chair, and took his place beside her. A silence of a moment ensued, and Fitzwalter advancing, with his wonted disengaged and elevated air, towards Lady Dunore, placed himself before her, and, leaning his hand on the back of a chair, addressed her with his usual rapid energy of utterance.

"Making a journey on horseback, Madam, a short time back on business of emergency, I was overtaken in the Kilworth mountains by a storm, which induced me to take shelter in a miserable hut. I found it occupied by men, whose countenance and appearance were of that wild resolute cast which

in such scenes induces suspicion. The poverty of the mistress of this hut, and of her naked children, led me to an act of perhaps imprudent liberality at such a moment; I meant to have given her a guinea. I gave her by mistake a golden coin. Proceeding on my journey, I fell in with a small military party: they stopt and questioned me. While thus engaged, the men I had left, accompanied by a hundred others, well mounted, and rudely armed, overtook the soldiers, who were employed in the service of the revenue, or, in the language of the country, still-hunting. The conflict was desperate. I endeavoured to interfere, failed, and rode on.

"The papers have since announced the death of one of the military party: the murderer remained for a time unknown, and after the expiration of some weeks, it appears that I stand accused of this murder; of joining the party who op-

posed the military, for the purposes of canvassing popularity, and obtaining false witnesses to prove, or credulous persons to believe, that I am the *son* of the elder baron of Fitzadelm, whose death was supposed to have occurred three-and-twenty years back. This, I believe, Mr. Crawley, is the spirit of your indictment."

"'Pon my credit, Sir, I can't take upon me to say just in a moment, but *believes* it is," returned old Crawley.

"And now," continued Fitzwalter, "having been brought forward for the purpose of being exposed to shame, obloquy, and ridicule; a refinement upon the severity of the law, a propitiatory sacrifice to the distinguished persons on whose indignant nobility a murderer and a conspirator has been unwillingly obtruded, may I beg to know from you, Mr. Crawley (who seem the acting and active agent in this prosecution) where I am now to proceed?"

Old Crawley, gradually edging himself out of his way as he approached him, sidled towards one of the officers of justice, who stood at the door, and twitching him by the sleeve, whispered him a few words in his ear: the man respectfully approached his prisoner, and bowed.

"I suppose," said Fitzwalter, "Lady Clancare, as whose husband I have the honour to announce myself, may be allowed to accompany me.—Is it not so, Mr. Crawley?"

"Give you my honour, Sir, I don't know: if it's in the warrant, and Mr. Lynch has no objection," replied Crawley, gradually taking shelter behind Lady Dunore's chair, and directing many significant looks to the constable, while Miss Crawley whispered Lady Dunore,

'Sure such a pair were never seen.'

A pause of a moment ensued: every

countenance was marked either by curiosity, amazement, or anxiety; when Mr. O'Sullivan advanced into the room, and was presented to the marchioness by the rector, as the Catholic dean of Dunore, and superior of the friary of St. John's, as a gentleman to whom, in the course of his professional duties, a wicked and black conspiracy had discovered itself, which he was desirous of revealing before the gentleman who stood there accused of murder should be dismissed from her ladyship's presence.

Lady Dunore's countenance brightened into triumph. She cast a look of reproach and indignation at her son: old Crawley, on the contrary, turned deadly pale, and sunk on a seat beside his sister, whose whispers and sneers were all directed *at* Lady Clancare, though addressed to Lady Dunore.

"Pray sit down, Mr. Dean," ex-

claimed Lady Dunore. "I am happy to make your acquaintance. Georgy, love, move a little, and make room for the dean. " Pray speak, I am all attention. Mr. O Sullivan declining the honour of the seat intended him, briefly entered on the business which had brought him to the country, at some personal inconvenience, and read from a paper, which was afterwards handed about, the dying declaration of a man of the name of Teague Connor. This person had been two days before wounded to death in a riot, and had sought to purchase remission of his crimes under the influence of a death-bed remorse, by confessing his recent conspiracy against the life of an innocent man, a stranger, of whom he knew nothing, but that he had seen him give money to a poor woman in a cabin. To the crime he had confessed, he had been instigated by the arts of the notorious

Jemmy Bryan, who purchased his acquiescence by the sum of fifty pounds, and the protection of a great gentleman in the country."

"The name of this *gentleman*," continued Mr. O'Sullivan, "is in my possession; and this declaration is signed by three magistrates, who were present when it was made, and who were persons of the *highest* respectability and consideration. The unfortunate man who made it still lives; and the woman who received the golden coin from General Fitzwalter has deposed that she sold it, a few days back, for forty shillings, to the said Mr. Jemmy Bryan, who has escaped the vigilance of the most active research; and except Mr. Crawley can give us some assistance in the pursuit, may finally elude the grasp of justice."

The triumph which had flashed from Lady Dunore's eyes now gave way to

a look of deep mortification and disappointment, while the appeal of Mr. O'Sullivan turned every eye on old Crawley, who, during the singular *dénouement*, had nearly crept to the door: there he was stopped by Lord Frederick, who springing after him, and catching him by the arm, led him back into the room.

"Stay, my Ching-foo," he cried: "it is now very evident we cannot get on without you, my mirror of magistrates. We cannot yet dispense with your presence."

"Give you my honour, was only just stepping out for a little *thieves' vinegar* in respect of the *hate*," replied old Crawley, as he took his seat, muttering, as he passed his sister, in a tone of agony—"and Con to desert me in this *dilemia*, and think only of himself and his election!"

"I have only to add," continued Mr.

O'Sullivan, "that it is my firm belief that this conspiracy against the character and life of a brave and high-spirited gentleman has been contrived for the sole purpose of preventing his making claims to a title and property of which he has been long deprived by the most iniquitous proceedings ; and I am also ready to declare upon oath, in a court of justice, that I believe the person who now has the title and name of General Fitzwalter is Walter de Montenay Fitzadelm, son and heir to the late Baron Walter Fitzwalter, and that he is the *true Marquis of Dunore*."

"And I declare," exclaimed old Crawley, worked up by the exigency of the moment, while universal emotion and amazement were pictured in every countenance ; "I declare, that the *gentleman*, if its *gentleman* you call him, Mr. O'Sullivan, is Micky Laffan, a bit of a bye-blow of my Lord Fitzadelm,

by one Judy Laffan; and if I don't prove it, and many respectable witnesses along with me, I'll just give my head for a Cronobane halfpenny."

"How can that be?" exclaimed a voice from the door, "and I, Micky Laffan, here to the fore."

The gaunt figure of Padreen Gar strided forward, and he continued:

"And you thought, Mr. Crawley, I'd never come back from transportation; but I tould you I would, Sir, when you laste expected me, and am here, you see, to make good my word." As he spoke, he wiped off the yellow stain that covered his face, and removing the black hairs which concealed a handsome auburn head, he asked, with his wonted air of resolute intrepidity, "do you know me now, Mr. Crawley, Sir? Isn't that the *coolin* of the family all the world over?" and he run his coarse fingers through locks

curled and burnished as Lord Adelm's own: "and hopes I have too much of a gentleman in me, Mr. Crawley, and too much of the blood of my father in my veins, to do the unhandsome *thing*, or save myself from trouble by bringing ruination on the head of an innocent man and a fine gentleman; and you may *sind* me back to Botany now, if you plaze, Mr. Crawley, for another *ruction* at Ballydab, as yez did before, but defies the world to say I ever injured man or baste, barring a tythe proctor, or a bit of an exciseman, or cropping a taste off Jemmy Bryan's odd ear, just for fun, and carries my mark with him to this day; and if you don't believe what I say, there's the certificate of my birth, and there's the gentleman, God bless him, that signed it, and was minister at Fitzadelm church the day I was born."

Padreen Gar presented a piece of

dirty paper to the rector, who acknowledged the signature, and recollected the baptism of an illegitimate son of Lord Walter Fitzadelm, at the period of the date, whom, like many others of the offspring of that lord's illicit loves, he had abandoned to the want and misery which eventually led to a life of lawlessness and desperation.

Old Crawley sunk back in his chair, and either was unable or unwilling to make any further effort. Lady Dunore was motionless and silent from fear, doubt, and consternation; her eyes, almost starting from their inflamed sockets, wandered alternately from the face of her son to Fitzwalter and Padreen Gar; and, differing as they all did in personal appearance, she beheld, or fancied she could trace, a resemblance, such as is often seen in members of the same family, however vague or indefinite.

The rest of the company were silent from amazement and anxious expectation, while eager curiosity was apparent in the looks of those even least interested in the results of this curious scene.

Fitzwalter turned his eyes on Lord Adelm, as if, before he himself occupied attention, he wished to give *him* an opportunity of playing a part, distinguished in proportion to its singularity and disinterestedness. Lord Adelm, though languid, and occasionally abstracted as one self-involved and distressingly preoccupied, understood the appeal made to all his better feelings, and came forward to reply to it.

"It may," he said, addressing his mother, "it may tend to put a speedy termination to a scene naturally calculated to distress and agitate you, Madam, if, without further discussions, at a moment when they are scarcely available, I, who have been so

long supposed the presumptive heir of the Dunore estates and titles, come forward to assert my solemn belief in the actual existence of my uncle's only son, De Montenay Fitzadelm: further, it is my belief, that the celebrated and distinguished man, who now stands before me, is that person; and I am proud to confess, that I have been possessed of the secret of his existence, and of the efforts he has been making to establish his just claims since he first arrived in this country—claims which it would be impolitic as vain to oppose or resist. The perilous confidence his noble and generous nature thus placed in me has been the purchase of my everlasting esteem and gratitude. I will not say I am *happy*, that is not in human nature; but I am *proud* to be enabled to welcome the long injured Marquis of Dunore to the possessions of his ancestors." He held out his hand to Fitzwalter, and the

embrace of the distinguished cousins was a signal to the prompt feelings of O'Leary and Padreen Gar. Their cry of long live Walter de Montenay Fitzadelm, Marquis of Dunore, and *Gal-Readh-Aboe*, was echoed by persons who had forced their way into the hall, and re-echoed by the multitude who occupied the court without.

Lady Dunore, now agitated "*up to her bent*," wrung her hands in convulsive emotion, exclaiming, that Lord Adelm sought only to oppose and distract her, calling on Mr. Crawley to come forward, and intreating her friends to stand by her to secure the conspirators, and to discredit a tale in which there was not, there could not be, a shadow of truth.

Every eye was turned on the hero of the scene, who waited evidently for the first burst of Lady Dunore's passion to exhaust itself before he addressed her.

He then said—"that a story so extraordinary, so strongly opposed to your ladyship's maternal interests and ambition, should startle your belief, is natural and excusable; of its truth, however, there is one witness in this room, whose testimony you cannot doubt; I mean Mr. Crawley."

Old Crawley, faint, ghastly, the victim of his constitutional timidity, and of facts which were bearing all before them, shrunk back, and seemed almost to diminish to the eye, as every feature, every limb, yielded to gradual contraction. General Fitzwalter, however, advanced, drew him forward, and led him for a few minutes on one side. Whatever had been the subject of their conference, when old Crawley turned round, though still agitated and trembling, the colour had returned to his livid cheek; and when he was led forward to his patroness, who was weep-

ing on his sister's shoulder, Lady Georgina being too much amused to lend her friend any assistance, he endeavoured to address her.

"Lady Emily Fitzadelm," he began; but the wild start of the person he thus addressed, the flash of indignation which sparkled in her haughty eyes, again annihilated his returning courage; and uttering an inarticulate—" *The Lord save us !*" he hastily retreated.

"Mr. Crawley, Madam," said the Marquis of Dunore, "would have sought your ladyship's forgiveness for having so long concealed an event in which you are so deeply interested. He would plead in excuse, *that* zeal for you and your children, which originated his acquiescence in a crime, it is now his intention to expiate by a full and complete discovery. His testimony, however, may be dispensed with: the evidences in my favour are sufficiently

numerous and strong to leave me independent of his assistance. His liberty, perhaps *his life*, was in my power—they are so no more. I have pledged my honour for their safety, on certain conditions. His reputation, his ill acquired property, I cannot save. I have now little to add. It will depend upon the prudence and discretion of your ladyship's counsellors, whether in acting as the representative of your suffering son, Robert Fitzadelm, commonly called Marquis of Dunore, you shall bring our mutual claims before a court; when it is for the honour of our family that they should be referred to private decision.

“ For what purposes, and at whose instigation, I was in my boyhood torn from my country and my birth-right, and sold to slavery, Mr. Crawley can best tell you; for the rest, my story may be briefly related.

“The generous person into whose hands I fell rescued me from the horrors of a condition which still exists among the professors of christianity, to the shame of humanity. The precosity of intellect, which had been nourished by the lessons of my good and learned fosterer and preceptor, O’Leary, told powerfully in my favour with him whose property I became. I was soon made the companion and instructor of his only son, saved the boy’s life in a surprise attempted by some native Indians, who surrounded us in a distant sporting journey; received my manumission as a recompence; grew unconsciously on the father’s affections; became the child of his adoption on the premature death of his only son, and succeeded to his property on his demise.

“The cause of liberty was my natural vocation, and I hastened to the South

American continent, to join its standard, then slowly beginning to unfurl in the land of oppression. My own story lay rankling in secret at the bottom of my heart; and I had almost learnt to abhor the name and title which had been the cause of my being reduced below the state of man. When I arrived in England, however, with Don Narino, in my inquiries after my own family, I found there only existed an empty title, without property, rank, or consideration, and a representative whom my re-appearance would blast with eternal infamy. There was nothing to be gained by a discovery, but the destruction of those nearest to me by blood. I returned to South America without reclaiming a name I almost blushed to own, that I might make one I should glory in wearing.

“In justice to myself, I must observe,

that the protector of my infancy, the instructor of my youth, was never forgotten—my dear foster-father O'Leary." He paused, and a smile of mingled emotion and beneficence threw its radiance over his splendid countenance. O'Leary hustled forward, and passing the tears from his swimming eyelids, he stood with a look of proud triumph beside him, swinging his hat, and humming away his emotion.

"Of the persons of respectability in my father's service, I could only remember the son of our land steward, Darby Crawley, an attorney in the neighbourhood of Court Fitzadelm. To this person I wrote, requesting him to forward an inclosed letter to Terrence O'Leary, (whose wife had been in the service of the Baroness Fitzadelm), containing five hundred pounds; but in case of his death to return it

to my banker in London. In my letter to O'Leary, I entrusted the secret of my existence, and my intention of coming forward to claim my right and title *on the death of my uncle.*"

"The murthuring pirate!" interrupted O'Leary, shaking his hand at old Crawley, who sat behind the chair of his trembling and now agitated sister. "And never gave me a scrubal of it, as I tould your lordship before; but had me flogged in the *rebellion for a latin note* he found in my pocket—the *Ignoramus!*"

"The event of my captivity in the Caraccas," continued Lord Dunore, "is already before the public. One incident arose from this event, which it is curious to mention, as bearing forcibly on the circumstances of the moment. The keeper of my dungeon was a Spaniard, who spoke a little English. He had occasionally addressed me in that

language, and eyed me with a curiosity which indicated an interest beyond that of our present relation—it was the interest of recognition: and inquiries, mutually made and answered, discovered in the person of the keeper of my dungeon a sailor, one of the crew who had assisted in kidnapping me in my boyhood from the Irish coast.

“This man had suffered much in the interval which had elapsed: he had been taken by Barbary pirates—sold to slavery, and, in the vicissitudes of his life, had entered into the service of Spain, been wounded, disabled, and made one of the keepers of a royal prison in Spanish America. He had considered his sufferings as retributions for the crimes he had assisted in committing on the Irish shores; and in the hope that he was now about to be reconciled with heaven, he effected my escape from prison, accompanied me in

my flight, and is at present my mate, and on board my own vessel, which lies in harbour near Cork. In confirmation of these facts, he can produce a letter, dropped on the deck by one of the disguised persons who had brought me out to the vessel, which he had preserved, in the hope of one day expiating his crime by being of use to me. The signature of this letter I have shewn to Lord Fitzadelm. Its address is to Mr. Crawley, from Court Fitzadelm, twenty-three years back, and the post-mark is a town in the neighbourhood. Witnesses, no less efficient than this letter, are—a groom of my father's who carried me in the chaise, which now awaits at the door of this castle, and who has been reduced to beggary, under the Irish epithet of the *Baccah*; Terence Oge O'Leary, my foster-father; the Reverend Denis O'Sullivan, my mother's kinsman and confessor, to whom

she bequeathed the certificate of my birth and her own marriage (urged to this cautionary proceeding by the intrigues of which she died the broken-hearted victim);—the miniatures of both my parents in their youth in his possession, to both of which I bear a strong resemblance;—and the Reverend the Rector of Dunore, who remembered me in my childhood, when he was himself a young man, just gone into orders, and made curate of the parish of Court Fitzadelm. I have nothing more to add, but that my story, strange and improbable as it may appear, belongs to the history of a long disorganized country, where, under the influence of political misrule, the moral relations of society too often sit loosely: and where the demoralization of the people is a necessary dogma in the code of those who rule by national debasement and disunion.

"Happily, the national spirit and national virtues, founded in strong and warm affections, and in that animal courage which rarely allies itself to baseness, has always formed a barrier to systematic degradation: but it is melancholy to add that my story is not without its parallel in the private history of the land."*

Then, after a brief silence, preserved by the amazement of some, and the still eager curiosity of others, he added, in a voice full of conciliation and respect, and more especially addressing himself to the weeping and exhausted Lady Dunore, "This is not a moment to press upon your ladyship's credence the facts of a story it can neither be your interest or inclination to admit. But I would at least induce you to believe that the

* See the great Ansley trial for the titles and estates of Althams and Anglesey.

mother of Lord Adelm Fitzadelm must always be to me an object of respect, of interest, and consideration; and that whether you persist to refuse, or yield to the claims I have now briefly stated, you will, at least, I trust, remain mistress of this castle, so long as it may be your convenience or pleasure to continue in Ireland.

“And now, Mr. Crawley,” he added, with his radiant smile, “if you insist on the execution of your warrant, I must obey, and accompany your officers of justice to Dublin. I confess, however, I had planned a journey of a very different description.” He coloured deeply, and threw his eyes on Lady Clancare, who, down-cast and blushing, was deserted in this moment of prosperous triumph by that gaiety and elasticity of spirit which in less fortunate hours had borne her above the adverse circumstances of her forlorn destiny.

The bashfulness of a bride, fresh from the altar, and the powerful emotions incidental to her peculiar position, as she now stood, the mistress of the superb mansion, where she had first appeared a prisoner, where she had lately stood accused of conspiracy and imposture, left her confused, silent, and shrinking from the glances which the slight allusion of the Marquis of Dunore to their respective situations had drawn to her person. A few words having passed between the agitated Crawley and Lord Fitzadelm, the latter addressing his cousin, observed aloud, that Mr. Crawley had referred every thing to him for the present.

"Then, in that case," observed Lord Dunore, stepping back, and drawing the arm of the new and bridal marchioness through his, "we shall pursue our route according to our original intention."

Lady Clancare, now letting go his arm, advanced timidly to Lady Dunore, and took her hand with that fondling and playful manner which had once such charms for her capricious friend.

"No," said Lady Dunore, snatching it hastily from her, and in a tone of angry indignation; "whatever may happen, I shall always consider your conduct as false and deceptive."

"How!" said Lady Clancare, all her wonted spirit rallying to her eyes and countenance. "False! Was it false to confide to you the sole *important* secret of my life? Was it deceptive to confess to you the motives which led me to your castle to seek and to accept your hospitality? If I have deceived *you*, Madam, it was by the frank relation of facts, calculated indeed by their improbability to win on your attention, but yet confided to you at some risk, because, though I may have

availed myself of some mysterious truths, I disdained falsehood even for the purpose of effecting my dearest interests—and now,” she added, with a sudden burst of gaiety flashing over her whole countenance, and animating every gesture, “I would fain, like one of my own heroines, wind up the denouement of my story with some touch of humour or pathos—some appeal to the feelings I address, which should enable me to retire with applause: but hitherto adversity has been my muse, and now,” placing her hand in Lord Dunore’s, “she deserts me.

“What remains, therefore, to say of myself, must be deferred to calmer moments, when as *ennuyée*, as other great personages with the ‘*toujours Perdrix*,’ I shall seek to diversify the calm of my dull prosperity by a recurrence to the vicissitudes of my early life:—then seated by my Irish turf fire,

with my own amusement for my object, and my husband for my critical reviewer, I shall take the liberty of *putting myself in my own book*, and shall record the events of this last month of my life under the title of—*Florence Macarthy.*"

CHAPTER VII.

And thus the whirligig of time
Brings in its revenges.

MILTON.

CONCLUSION.

THE eccentric and visionary, but high-minded Lord Adelm Fitzadelm, had just remained in Ireland long enough to learn that his law agent, Conway Crawley, had been elected member in his stead for Glannacrime; and the papers soon after announced his departure for the North Pole.

Meantime, his mother, backed by powerful friends, and urged by interested counsellors, refused, on her return to England, to acknowledge the claims

made by the gallant guerilla chief to the title and property in possession of her insane son: a suit was commenced, which ended in her defeat, and only served to expose the infamy of her late husband to "*the glarish eye of day.*" The trial, however, had occupied, amused, and agitated her; and the overthrow of her hopes furnished her new sources of real affliction and complaint, in place of the ideal sorrows she had loved to create and to deplore.

As Miss Crawley had prudently separated herself from her brother Darby, with the desertion of his success and fortunes, and had accompanied Lady Dunore to England, she availed herself of the depression of mind to which that lady, for a time, resigned her variable feelings; and, to her infinite triumph, she had the happiness of seeing rouge, Almacks, and "Georgy love," sacrificed to round-eared caps,

religious conversaziones, and the society of the elect and hungry in the Lord, who eat their way to their patronesses' conversion with true gastronomic, as well as polemic zeal ; while Miss Crawley, the directress of her conscience and her house, gradually assumed a power over both, to which the unregulated imagination of Lady Dunore, easily worked on by terror and mysticism, made no resistance.

The leases and mortgages, inevitably rendered unavailable by the unexpected re-appearance of the real Marquis of Dunore, with the loss of his agency, nearly reduced old Crawley to a state of ruin, which an investigation of the *commissioners of enquiry* into his official emoluments finally completed. His military son had been ordered abroad. His eldest son, under an accumulation of gambling debts, occupied an apartment in a prison over which he

had once presided; and old Crawley, in his extreme distress, was reduced to applying for relief to his favourite son, Conway, who had, however, on the first turn of his father's fortunes, shaken him off, on the plea of his *immoral conduct* and *lost character*.

Conway Townsend Crawley, Esq. member for Glannacrime, had found an early opportunity of attracting the eyes of persons in power, by serving in a cause in which they were interested, and had purchased a situation of trust and emolument, at the expense of every manly and every gentleman-like feeling. Pushing his way into high society by the same intrepid *effrontery* as he had pushed his way through life to fortune, he happened one day to be seated at the head of his sumptuous table, entertaining a select party of official grandees, when Mr. Darby Crawley from Ireland was announced, and, to his horror and con-

sternation, his vulgar, blundering, but unfortunate father, entered the room, and, throwing his arms round him, exclaimed :—

“ Con, honey, sure you won’t turn your back on your poor ould father, like the rest of the world?—he that made a counsellor and a member of parliament of you, and that warned you against poethry, and pathritism, and ganius ; and owes to him what you are at this minute, if you were twenty times as great.”

The ridicule of this scene, prolonged by the good-nature of his guests and friends, was *ineffacable* ; and from that moment, Conway Crawley resolved on getting rid of a relative, who blended a disgraceful vulgarity and lost character with an effrontery which, like his own, was unconquerable.

In a few weeks, therefore, Mr. Crawley, through the interest of his son,

being still *a loyal*, though almost *a lost* man, was appointed consul to His Britannic Majesty at a *Turkish port*. Meantime, consigned by that son to the back stairs, and housekeeper's room of his house in London, he felt the indignity with parental pride: but his natural cheeriness of temperament prevailed over his misfortune; and while he sat with the priestess of preserves, enjoying a *sup of hot*, his head full of turbaned Turks, and the elephant in Blue Beard, on which he expected shortly to ride, with some acrimonious reference to the political power, and unnatural conduct of his son, he occasionally was heard to sing forth—

“ 'Tis a very fine thing to be father by law,
To a very magnificent three-tail'd bashaw.”

His son, meantime, becoming a servant of all work in his political voca-

tion, and remunerated accordingly, in his various capacities, literary, official, and diplomatic, *used*, not *respected*, *tolerated*, not *esteemed*, continues to live.

“ With *pay*, and *scorn* content,
Bows and votes on in court and parliament.”

On the successful termination of the great Fitzadelm cause, which had for some months occupied the public attention, the Marquis and Marchioness of Dunore took possession of their ancient *castle* and vast possessions in Ireland, and fixed there their chief residence. For, convinced by a close and attentive observation, that the land of their birth was hourly sinking in the scale of nations, under the oppression of petty, delegated authority, and by the neglect and absence of its natural protectors, they acted, with their accustomed energy and perseverance, upon the

dictates of experience, and illustrated, by their example, the truth of a maxim now more generally felt and admitted, that

IRELAND CAN BEST BE SERVED IN
IRELAND.

NOTE.

(1) Page 118.—The constant cry of Sir H. Sydney to the queen was, “Your majesty must plant justice here.” His manner of giving in his resignation was singular, as coming from an Irish lord-lieutenant. “If,” he says, “that cowardly policy be still allowed to keep the Irish in continual dissension, for fear lest through their quiet might follow I know not what, then my advice to your majesty both is and shall be, to withdraw me and all charge here. It is flattering to Ireland, that the few men of talent who have been sent to govern that kingdom became ever after her firm friends. Of this Sir H. Sydney, the unfortunate Lord Essex,* and Lord Chesterfield, are proofs.

* The Earl of Essex here alluded to is not the favourite of Elizabeth’s court, but the unfortunate nobleman who was murdered in the Tower.—See *Essex’s Letters*.

THE END.

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ERRATA.

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Some errors in punctuation which affect the sense will be perceived, which the reader is requested to correct en passant.